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# Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 1, 1965 30 CENTS

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## Next week

THE RANGERS are blazing the NBA with a display of team basketball: women since the heydays of the Celtics. Jerry Kinsman tells how this superb unit does the job.

IN THE TOPSY-TURVY world of the football arena a loss can be as good as a win—if you beat the spread—and the Boston Patriots are a hot club like the L.A. Rams.

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\*LEFT TO RIGHT: Bernard Boom-Boom Geoffson, former N. Y. Ranger; Lillian Pokey Watson, Olympic Gold Medalist in Women's Backstroke; Nino Benvenuti, boxing pro; Richard Alonso Mario Andretti, '69 Indianapolis 500 winner; John Havlicek, Boston Celtic; Juan Chi-Chi Rodriguez, golf pro; Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox; Edson Antonio De Nascimento Pele, Santos Brazil soccer hero; Charles Bubba Smith, Baltimore Colts.

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A woman has many tactics.  
Should you give her another?



Ambush by Damar

## BOOKTALK

**Any gambler will lose in the house, but the careful gambler won't lose as much**

**I**n a brief introduction to his old friend's new book, *Go with the Odds* (Macmillan, New York, \$6.95), bridge expert Oswald Jacoby tells us that Charles Goren does not gamble, and the reason he does not gamble is that "he knows the odds." Once in his life, Jacoby goes on, Goren "bet \$10 on a horse race—and that was a sentimental wager because the rug he backed was named after him."

Unfortunately the reader of *Go with the Odds* will never get to learn what happened to the horse named Charles Goren but he will find out what the other Goren thinks of a man's chances to win in most of the standard casino gambling games—craps, roulette, baccarat, 21, bingo—as well as in lotteries, slot machines, horse races, the numbers game, gin, poker and bridge.

Goren begins his odds-making with the question of motive. How badly do you want to win? How much can you afford to lose? It makes a difference. For example, if you shoot craps with rigorous and intelligent attention to the odds at a Las Vegas layout, you can reduce the chances against you to a mere 0.83% instead of 16.3%.

"If you play long enough," writes the expert in a gloomy phrase that seems to reduce everyone's chances at craps to absolute zero, "the casino *will* beat you no matter how you play. If you make the best bet at the dice table you figure to lose \$56 on every \$100 you bet. If you bet foolishly, you figure to lose \$16.70 per \$100."

Betting cautiously, however, is hard work, and that doesn't come easy to the gambling man. Since in the long run the odds are bound to catch up with him anyway, Goren's book is really a manual on how a gambler can make the best of a host of bad bargains. His simpler advice are familiar: make as few bets as possible (the fewer you make, the less the house or track odds will grind you down); bet heavily when playing with the house money, lightly when playing with your own; in horse racing bet to win. More recalcitrant rules, such as how to get the best odds at craps or make safe bets ("Now, that's my kind of bet!" Goren observes parenthetically) at 21 are spelled out in complex but meticulous detail.

*Go with the Odds* is not an easy book to read—or to heed. It will certainly not command much attention from the hunchy-players and it is not likely to take the place of the latest trained-drum book with the policy crowd. It does not seem destined to make anybody—save Goren—rich. But it is a fascinating study and if it doesn't teach you how to win, it will at least, as Jacoby says, teach you "how to lose the least . . . knowing you are nobody's sucker."

—ROBERT CASSWELL



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# SCORECARD

## WITHIN THE LAW

The next time a hockey writer refers to mayhem on the ice, he may have to take care that he is choosing his legal terms precisely. For the first time in the history of the sport, players involved in hockey violence have had charges pressed against them by police.

Boston Defenseman Ted Green and St. Louis Left Wing Wayne Maki fought a five-old traditional stick duel during an exhibition game between the Bruins and the Blues in Ottawa Sept. 21. Green's skull was fractured. Now Ottawa police have charged the two with assault causing bodily harm. Somehow it seems a reasonable sort of case.

## ANTELOPE'S AVENGER

Years ago Peter Beard left New York's high society to live among the wildlife of the East African bush. While becoming one of the world's most renowned photographers of the elephants, antelopes, giraffes, zebras, rhinos and hippos there, he grew to despise—intensely, as it happens—the poachers and hunters who are slowly killing them off.

Eighteen months ago Beard fired a dead antelope in a poacher's trap near his home outside Nairobi. Enraged, he set out to catch the poacher, and when he spotted an African approaching another trap nearby, he jumped him. With the help of his Somali servant, Beard beat the man up, stuffed a glove in his mouth and used wire from the traps to tie his hands to one tree and his feet to another. Then he walked off and left the suspected poacher hanging there. Eventually the man—who turned out to be the servant of one of Beard's neighbors—was found and freed by passersby. He reported Beard to the police, and last May Beard was arrested.

When Beard came to trial a fortnight ago, his attorney admitted all the charges and appealed to the mercy of the court, after portraying Beard as a passionate defender of wildlife. The court found that perjury insufficient mitiga-

tion of the defendants' "barbaric and outrageous deed." Beard and his servant each were sentenced to 18 months in prison and 12 lashes with a rhinoceros-hide whip—in Kenya a relatively lenient sentence.

An appeal has been filed, but it probably will not be considered until after the December elections—no Kenyan politician wants to face the voters when he might even remotely be thought to have rescued a white man who strung up an African.

In the meantime Beard had his head shaved and was put into a filthy cell in Nairobi prison before being released on bail last week. His 18 African cell mates treated him "like an officer," according to a friend who visited, and Beard's spirits are high. His main concern is not the prospect of prison and the whip but the threat of being deported—away from the threatened animals he loves and took such inhuman measures to protect.

## SO WILL WE

Not since journeyman Pitcher Robert (Acht) Duluba broke in with the Cardinals in 1959 has there appeared on the sporting scene a better—or if you prefer, a worse—nickname. It is owned by a forward for the semipro basketball Orangemen of Albany, N.Y. He is Richard (Alibi) Dumas.

## BOMBS AND BOMBS

Jerry Smith, the Washington Redskins' tight end and a District of Columbia National Guardsman, showed better hands playing before President Nixon Nov. 16 than he did serving the Commander-in-Chief during the antiwar march in Washington the day before.

Smith played without a full night's sleep—he was released from Guard duty that Sunday morning and walked across the street to Robert F. Kennedy Stadium for a brief nap in the dressing room. Then he awoke, dressed, and showed the fans that has made him the

league's top receiver among tight ends. He caught seven passes, three for touchdowns, and bobbled none against the Dallas Cowboys as Mr. Nixon became the first President to watch a regular season game. (Not only did the Chief Executive stay until the end, according to an AP dispatch, "he occasionally rose to his feet on exciting plays.")

Smith had not been so sore-fingered the day before. While being instructed on the use of a tear-gas bomb, he dropped it and it went off at his feet, gassing him and several fellow Guardsmen. "Hell, I might as well admit it," he said last week after suffering considerable ribbing from his roommates, who had been informed of the mishap, "I dropped the ball. But it wasn't funny then."

## RING OUT!

Coed Carol Smith was busily cheering Memphis State University to its 37-7 victory over old rival Southern Mississippi week before last, when she discovered both her thumbs were caught securely in the handles of her cowbell. Stadium attendants had to file to off.

## WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

When Texas Tech's cross-country team went to Fort Worth for a meet with TCU recently, Tech's runners took a wrong turn on the unfamiliar course and loped off toward parts unknown. The Frogs stayed on course and won the meet. That week Tommy Love, a writer for the Texas Tech student newspaper, said it best: "TCU pulled the old hidden-road trick on Texas Tech...."

## HIGHER COURT

National Basketball Association Commissioner Walter Kennedy last week took an almost unheard-of action—he reversed a referee's decision. Kennedy upheld the protest of the Chicago Bulls, who insisted they had scored a tying basket at home against Atlanta Nov. 6 with one second to play. The chief official present had ruled that the goal was scored after the buzzer, although one second was clearly left on the clock. When the floor was cleared with Atlanta declared the victor 124-122, the timekeeper restarted the clock; it ticked the remaining second off and the buzzer sounded over the empty hardwood. The Hawks insisted that they had heard a previous buzzer and that the clock was malfunctioning. Kennedy ruled that

*Continued*

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## SCORECARD *continued*

the basket was good. Play will be resumed at a later date with the score 124-124 and one regulation second to go.

Traditionally commissioners accept the judgment of referees on the scene. But officiating in the NBA has aroused considerable protest this year. Maybe the NBA would do well to stage a raid on all these officials the ABA took away during the off season.

## SUPERTROTTER SEEN

We don't often feel obliged to inform our readers of impending pregnancies, but this one may well affect the whole future of an international sport. Roquepine, undoubtedly the greatest trotting mare in history, has been brought from France to the Hanover Shoe Farm in Pennsylvania to be mated with Star's Pride, whose sons have already won seven Hambletonians, including five of the last six. Their children and children's children should be supertrotters.

Since the French studbook has been closed to American blood since 1937, Roquepine brings to the union something special—an outcross, or lineage not in Star's Pride's immediate breeding. Her great-grandfather, The Great McKinney, was bred in Ohio.) She won 51 races over a six-year career—25 straight in one period—two consecutive Roosevelt Internationals, and more money, \$956,161, than any other trotter. As for Star's Pride, 14 of his progeny have broken 2:00 for the mile, and his son Nevada Pride is the fastest trotter in history.

It's a good bet that the bidding for the first yearling colt by this pair will start at \$100,000.

## 'PEN-LEN! PEN-LEN!'

In Salvador the previous Sunday the fans had hoped he would lead a carnival procession through the city to the ancient church of Nossa Senhor do Bomfim, where he would offer his boots to the Church. But Pêlo de Santos did not score his 1,000th goal that day. He was blundered, as he had been ever since that milestone came into view, by opponents who did not want to be remembered forever for something they yielded. It fell to the Vasco da Gama team—which had as many as five men on him at once—to suffer on Nov. 19 the monumental goal to world record, almost twice the next-highest career total) of the world's greatest soccer player.

With 12 minutes to go before the game *continued*

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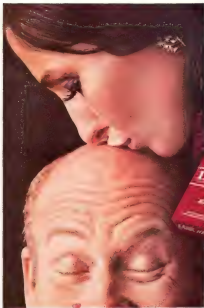
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there tomorrow."



"I'm not in the same way  
follow the same way for a bit  
from the, right back the way  
from an after coming. It's more  
I would, I can't from here to all."



"The day, the same way, the  
same and more, the same way  
the same way, the same way, the  
same way, the same way."



"Food may be good for thought,  
but it's the food that's the same  
less with conversation."



"Of course, we don't believe  
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### SCORECARD continued

ended, Pelé looked sure to score, when a Vasco player tripped him. For five minutes Vasco da Gama argued against the penalty free shot, and at first Pelé refused to take it. But the fans would not leave him alone. 90,000 of them, chanting "Pelé-leh, Pelé-leh. . . ." Finally he picked up the ball. There was a hush. Pelé placed the ball, stepped back and, after hearing the referee's whistle, ran methodically, took his characteristic brief halt and then with his right instep shot the ball low, just inside the left goal-post and into the net. The Vasco goalie, shamed so publicly, fell on his face. Pelé dashed right after the ball, past the goalie, into the net, picked up the ball and began to kiss it. The press—179 reporters in all, one behind Santos' goal and 138 behind Vasco's—rushed right into the net with him, snapping pictures, jamming mikes into his face and pounding him with questions. Sobs racked Pelé's muscular, soaking-wet body and tears streamed his face. Perhaps haunted by his extremely humble origins, the world's best-paid athlete blurted into the mikes:

"I only ask one thing: think of the little poor children, think of them during Christmas for the love of God."

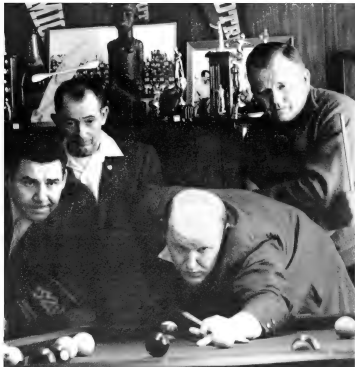
The newsmen carried him on their shoulders to midfield, where his teammates and fans were lined to shake his hand. Then he jogged around the field as the fans roared, holding up the game for 12½ minutes. President Eurílio Médici of Pelé's Brazil, who watched the historic game on television in a corner of his lonely Palace of the Dawn in the hinterlands capital of Brasilia, sent Pelé a telegram saying, "I embrace you" and invited him up for lunch at the palace.

### THEY SAID IT

• Glenn Daughy, Michigan tailback who hobbled for a month with a sprained left ankle, asked why he had both ankles heavily taped during Michigan's 51-6 victory over Iowa Nov. 15: "I taped a pad to my left ankle because it hurt; I taped the other ankle as a decoy so they wouldn't know which one is injured."

• Don Haskins, Texas-A&M Paso basketball coach, after he was told his team received one vote as high as first place and a vote as low as last in a poll of Western Athletic Conference sportswriters and sportscasters: "We'll finish somewhere in there."

END



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# BYE-BYE, No. 1

Ohio State was the best in the nation. Ohio State was possible Super Bowl material—but Michigan crushed the Buckeyes 24-12 and proved that even Rex Kern is human **by KAY KESSLER and WILLIAM F. REED**

**E**ven in the dying seconds the idea persisted throughout Michigan's cavernous old stadium that Ohio State, the awesome Buckeyes, would pull it out. After all, weren't they No. 1 in the nation, winner of 22 straight games and (people were beginning to joke) a worthy opponent for the Los Angeles Rams? Surely the real Rex Kern would expose that hapless impostor wearing No. 10 and wriggle through the whole Michigan defense for a couple of life-giving touchdowns. Or, failing that, surely the real Jack Tartan would rise up from whenever he had spent most of the afternoon and knock loose a couple of fumbles. Or, finally, surely some magic play, or piece of wisdom, would spring from a cranny in old Woody Hayes' fertile mind, where it had been stored away for just this kind of emergency. So everyone waited, and waited, and then suddenly delicious Michigan fans were rolling on the new Tartan Turf rug and tearing the north goalpost right out of its concrete base.

The numbers on the scoreboard were MICHIGAN 24, OHIO STATE 12, but the big winner is surely Ann Arbor as the

Rose Bowl. Now, instead of having the second or even third best team from the Big Ten, the Rose Bowl will get a Michigan team that not only is the league co-champion but earned its way in style, whipping the Buckeyes head to head. As Michigan's bright young coach, Bo Schembechler, told the press after the game, "Nobody here wanted to go as the No. 2 team. That would have been tough. It was an emotional thing for us. Now we're going as co-champions of the Big Ten—and don't forget that."

As for Ohio State, the Buckeyes will sit at home New Year's Day, as they would have been forced to anyway, but now they will not even have the consolation of being No. 1. Who knows what went wrong—why they had looked so flat all afternoon, even when leading. Perhaps it was a letdown after getting so high for Purdue the week before. Perhaps it was overconfidence or that lack of a Rose Bowl incentive. But a lot of it was Michigan.

The door to Ohio State's locker room remained shut long after the game, except for the 18 seconds it took Hayes to conduct what had to pass for a press con-

ference. Opening the door a crack and thrusting out his grip, jowly head, Woody said: "All good things must come to an end and that's what happened today. We just got outplayed, out-gunned and outcoached. Our offense in the second half was miserable and we made every mistake you could possibly make." With that, Woody shut the door again, and for the time being that was as close as the waiting world would come to finding out how Ohio State felt.

There were 101,586 witnesses to the upset, the largest crowd ever to see a college game, and what they saw was Michigan playing Ohio State's game better than Ohio State, a turn of events that was by no means accidental. Schembechler, 39, was Ohio State's line coach under Hayes for five years. Even as a young man learning at the master's knee, he displayed such a passion for Hayes' tactics, both psychological and physical, that his peers dubbed him "Little Woody," a nickname that has stuck even

continues

*Pinning and falling back, Rex Kern was never far from an overhauled horde of Wolverines.*



though Schenckler himself is not particularly fond of it.

The Schenckler game plan had gone into effect a week earlier, right after Michigan had drubbed Iowa 51-6, its seventh win in nine starts. "We knew right then that we were going to beat Ohio State," he said later. Schenckler personally kept the fires burning, even to the point of making the players on his "sweat" team wear a tiny No. 30 on their practice jerseys, a gentle reminder of Ohio State's 50-34 rout of the Wolverines last year.

Around his home Schenckler, like Hayes before big games, was a monster. He not only ignored his wife Millie, but he made her sleep in the baby's room so that neither woman nor child would disturb his concentration. Even on Thursday night, when Millie fixed his favorite dish, Southern-style chicken and dumplings, Bo showed only a glimmer of appreciation. "He was completely preoccupied," Millie said, laughing as wives do on these occasions. "He couldn't remember what he had told me from one day to the next."

The way to beat Ohio State, Schenckler had decided, was to concede Fullback Jim Otis his yardage and concentrate on stopping Kern, the Buckeyes' superb quarterback. "We didn't want Kern running the football," Schenckler said, "so we set our defenses for him. We felt that our secondary could stop his passing, and we felt that we could score against their defense by running at 'em, which is something nobody had done." Sounded familiar? You can look it up in the Woody Hayes textbook on winning: always attack an opponent at his strongest point.

As Schenckler was quick to point out, too, Michigan had a few Jack Tatum and Rex Kerns of its own. There was the pass defense, built around Tom Curcio and Barry Pierson, and there was the passing attack, with Quarterback Don Moorhead and Tight End Jim Mandich. But the surprise find of the season was Tailback Billy Taylor, a boy from Schenckler's home town of Barberton, Ohio, who in Michigan's first five games had played only enough to work up a good sweat. But after fumbling on his first two plays against Minnesota, Taylor gained 151 yards in little more than a half and the Wolverines had themselves a runner.

On Saturday, during the pregame



Led by Teammates Gordon (35) and Healy (24), Barry Pierson returns an intercepted pass.

warmups, a few of the Michigan fans pelted Ohio State players with snowballs and everyone was amused until the Buckeyes' first play from scrimmage, when Kern rolled out around left end for 25 yards to the Michigan 31. "We didn't want Kern running the football," said Schenckler later, "so what does he do on the first play? Break a pass pocket and run for 25 yards, that's all." Before Bo had time to seriously doubt his game plan, however, Michigan's defense rose up and stopped Ohio State at the 10, and that was the first inkling of what was to happen throughout the afternoon.

"We knew we had 'em right there, when we stopped their regular stuff," said Pierson, who was to play a big role later.

Even after Ohio State's second series of downs, when Otis plunked in from the one for a 6-0 Buckeye lead, the Wolverines remained confident. Working to the short side of the field, Quarterback Moorhead passed the Wolverines 55 yards in 10 plays to take a 7-6 lead, putting the Buckeyes behind for the first time this season. Twice Moorhead hit Mandich with key passes and once he found Wide Receiver Mike Oldham. An 11-yard reverse by Wingback John Canlier helped, and senior Fullback Garvie Crow got the final three yards on a dive. What was especially noteworthy

was that Michigan had made no special effort to work away from Tatum, the Buckeyes' peripatetic cornerback. "Sure, we wanted to go into their short side, than his Mandich when they single-covered," said Schenckler in his post-mortem. "Tatum just happens to play the wide side but you can't really run away from him—he'll hunt you down."

The Buckeyes weren't dead yet. They came right back to take a 12-7 lead on the first play of the second quarter, Kern passing to Tight End Jan White. Ohio State's Stan White kicked the extra point, but Michigan was offside. Taking the penalty, the Bucks went for two points but Kern was smothered by Michigan's defensive end, Mike Ketter, a sight that was to become routine before the end.

During the rest of the quarter Michigan pushed the Buckeyes around in no one has done all year. The Wolverines moved to the Ohio State 27, and Taylor, breaking three tackles, ran to the five, setting up Crow's scoring smash two plays later. That made it 34-12. When Ohio State could not move and had to punt, Pierson ran back up the middle to the Ohio State three in what was perhaps the single most important play of the game. Two plays later Moorhead went over, and now even Woody Hayes would have admitted that Ohio State was in deep trouble.

And the Wolverines pressed on. After scoring what was apparently another touchdown on Moorhead's three-yard pass to Mandich with 1:15 left in the half only to have it nullified on a holding penalty, junior Tim Kilian kicked a 25-yard field goal, making it 24-12.

So that was it. The Ohio State defense braced in the last half, reducing Michigan's offense to four missed field goals by Kilian. But Ohio State's offense, that once awesome machine, was moribund. The Wolverine ends, Keller and Cecil Pryor, kept Kern so well contained that he gained only 29 yards in 11 runs after his initial 25-yard gain. And when the Bucks dished the little passes to White—the first three had been successful—and began going for the long ones, the Wolverine defenders were there to intercept six times, three by Pearson. Only Otis was up to his usual form, gaining 144 yards in 28 carries, but then Schembechler had decided to leave him alone, hadn't he?

While Ohio State was behind Woody's closed door, trying to figure out what had gone wrong, the Michigan team was laughing it up, singing a lullaby if somewhat off-key version of *Hail to the Victor* and waving a bunch of plastic red roses. There were so many reporters waiting to see Schembechler that when the coach finally showed up at the interview room he could squeeze in no farther than the doorway. His Michigan sweater and slacks were wringing wet from the scalding shower his players had given him, and his old football knee was aching because the players had dropped him off their shoulders during the postgame victory ride. But Little Woody didn't care. He was the only thing his players had dropped all day.



## THE CATCH THAT GAVE USC THE ROSES

*The Trojans were trailing UCLA 15-7 with 3:21 to play (page 70) when Jimmy Jones fumbled a pass toward Split End Sam Olinakson (18). Olinakson caught the ball barely inside the back corner of the end zone for a TD that sealed victory and the Rose Bowl.*



# NINO'S HOOK STOPPED A ROMAN RIOT

*Italian fight fans had a slivovitz ally in the referee, but they would have gone berserk if Rodriguez had somehow won* **by MARK KRAM**

**W**hat you do when you were a kid?" Luis Rodriguez asked his driver. "I was in the war," said the driver, who had driven Luis all over Rome and had become fond of the Caban.

"In the war?" asked Luis. "Which war?"

"SC, the Ethiopian campaign."

"How you do, my friend?"

"It was a whirlwind," said the driver, sweeping his hand before him.

"And you?"

"I was captured," said the driver. "I was the only Italian captured in the Ethiopian campaign." Then he laughed.

The laugh eluded Luis, who was not aware of the Italian's gift of amusing themselves and the world. Afterward, in Rome's Palazzo Dello Sport, he became all too familiar with one of their amusements. But by then it was too late. Had he known that a fight in Italy is high comedy, that an Italian referee is a joker of supreme rank, that all of this

is the latest national diversion, he would have dropped Nino Benvenuti with a burst from a Browning automatic at the opening bell of their middleweight championship fight last Saturday night.

As it was, Luis Rodriguez lay there in the 11th round, a sad, dark Cantinflas with a slalom run for a nose, sucking desperately for air, the victim of ruinous officiating and a left hook, a picture of which should be hung in the Louvre. The hook, sort of an appetizer that could not make up its mind, came at 1:08 of the 11th, and it accomplished this: it knocked out Rodriguez, former welterweight champion, for the first time in more than 100 fights; it spared Benvenuti the dangerous necessity of having to fight four more tough rounds in a bout that was quite close; and it spared Italy another riot, one that certainly would have galed that slight disagreement in Milan last week.

All week on the Via Veneto, prospects of a riot were holed remote. True,

Throwing a right over Nino's head. Left pounds the side of the champion's head; rope prepared for a repulse by Benvenuti's class.





life went on as usual. The business of the illicit worked double shifts in the outdoor cafés; the men in their sport coats of shorn spring lamb and lavender ties and socks stood like mannequins outside hotel lobbies; and the endless parade of the Italian character moved back and forth. But it was the fight, not some new starlet in from the provinces, that provided the animation.

Even in the Colosseum at night, a time and place owned by the world's largest collection of alley cats and the phantoms who fit in and out of the amber light of the archways, the name of Benvenuti was passed around in the dark. Benvenuti obsessed everyone, and, as they have done with their heroes (and governments) before him, the Italians seemed to anticipate and demand his downfall.

The complaints were numerous: he is a timid champion; he is a Fascist; he is, because of an old liaison, a shameful husband; he is too much of a spectacle—an odd prejudice for a people who dear-

ly love spectacles. Before the fight, one expected to see large signs being carried through the crowd, signs reading: NINO AGAINST BRUTALITY OF NINO UNFAIR TO UNWED WOMEN. To be against divorce in Italy is not, for the most part, polite or safe outside the provinces. The cops were sensitive to the mood in Rome. Benvenuti was put in isolation, and rigid supervision rode the media. One television camera belonging to ABC, which paid \$50,000 for broadcasting rights, was not allowed at ringside. "It is in the way of the people," said the chief of police. "It will cause a riot." One American photographer was told to take down his lights, because the chief thought they were not safe. "Are you crazy?" said the photographer. "You put \$30 million in the *Andrea Doria* and another ship touches it on the side and it sinks like lead and kills dozens of people! What's a few lights?"

Said the chief: "They will cause a riot."

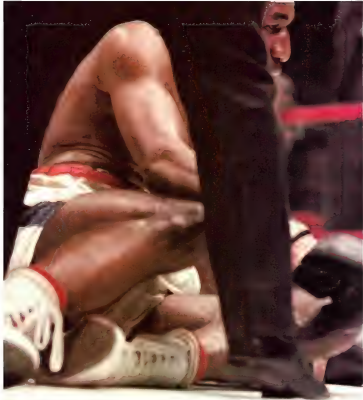
No one, of course, can understand a crowd, understand how its opinions are made and changed within a microsecond. It is a strange giant. But the chief's alarm, perhaps the result of battle fatigue, was never misplaced. In the end it was just a matter of *bella figura* for the Italians. Once he was inside the arena, Nino had never been a Fascist and he had always been as reserved as a Dominican monk picking flowers. He simply belonged, above all else, to the family. The image of the Italians, the beautiful front and above, was all that was important. His jabs that never landed became pistons, mediocre body punching became savage and the deep cut above his nose was just a scratch.

Had the fight gone the distance and the officials given the decision to Rodriguez, the body count of casualties would have been impressive. That is, if you assume that Rodriguez could have won two of the last four rounds. But Nino's hook took everybody off the

*continued*

*Blatant from the out American film supporters' shouting, Nino BACK Laid into the ropes at Rodriguez's death with the appearance of falling.*





hook. The men hugged and kissed each other and cried over each other's shoulders. The women, raising their Falgun eyes, blew kisses to the heavens.

The more emotional fought such theatrics and, like an Alpine snowslide, smothered the ring. There lay Rodríguez, with half of Rome descending upon him. The referee, a sensible man with peripheral vision, raced through the crowd and was never seen again. As for Luis, left there for the rabble, he was finally reached by his corner and, after a few gentlemen in short lamb were peeled off him, he was carried to safety. It took close to five minutes before his head was clear. "They could have carried to a hundred," said Angelo Dundee, his manager.

Long before the hook, the real damage had been done to Rodríguez. And it was not done by Benvenuti. It was done by one Mario Canabellus, the referee whom Benvenuti did not want because, according to Nino, he was too inexperienced. It was an effective camouflage by Benvenuti's camp, the purpose of which was to say: "See, I'm complaining about the referee, too. I don't get all the breaks in this town."

The behavior and judgment of the referee, of the Lord that has become notorious in recent Italian boxing history, were, technically, infamous. From the start he crippled the Cuban's style. Rodríguez, one of boxing's fine craftsmen for nearly a decade, was warned more than a dozen times—four times in one round—for using his head, which he was not using. Benvenuti, easily the sloppier of the two fighters, was warned twice, and each of his warnings elicited a volley of persimmons from the audience. With this intimidation of Rodríguez and the lunge, clinch and grab style of Benvenuti, it was a dull, graceless bout, suitable only for a novice gym and the unschooled indifference of the crowd.

Though it was held in Italy, the match seemed to promise much more. For one thing, here was Rodríguez, a terror among the middleweights when the division was, to say the least, highly competitive. He had clean moves, all of which were off some weird rhythm, and he

was a respectable puncher. Benvenuti, at 31 a year younger than Luis, was clever, had a clear line to his style—uppercut, left hand, then a right—but had shown fleeting signs of disinterest and physical decline. What happened was that the fight was a bore.

Luis wanted to fight Benvenuti from "halfway." The tactic was designed to avoid clinching and to enhance his chances of a knockout. He hoped to drop a right hand over every left hook that Nino threw. Nino, though, did not seem interested in throwing many left hooks. When he did throw a few, he caught a number of hard rights, one of which opened a deep cut on the bridge of his nose in the fourth round.

Most of the time, it appeared, Nino was just satisfied with being stylish, a fact that raised questions. Was he trying to disturb the rhythm of Rodríguez with his sloppy maneuvers, or was he certain that the referee—in an exchange of heads in close—would be sympathetic to him? If he was trying to direct the referee's attention to Rodríguez' head by crowding him, he was effective. Luis was so wary of being disqualified that often, when on the ropes, he held his head up and away. No fool, Benvenuti took advantage of the head's position and thumbed and leered it as will.

"Even with the referee," said Dundee afterward, "we could have had this fight. It was ridiculous what they were letting Benvenuti do in there. Still, even with the fight he was forced to make, Luis was a winner. Maybe it was close. But then he goes and does what we tell him not to do all week. He drops his head into the left hook, instead of throwing the right over it."

Aloose in the shadows of his dressing corner, Luis uncoiled quietly. He was not hungry, but he was not morose, either. "It was my destiny," he said. "It is like my nose, my destiny. It comes from my grandfather. I must protect it, but I can't change it." The nose, besides his glad spirit, is the thing no one can forget about Luis Rodríguez. It is simply magnificent, as long and as wide as the foot of Italy. "People kid me," he says, "but to me it is a joke. I don't mind when they call me *los vicio*. It means 'old sly.' I tell them I really think I'm pretty. But there are mirrors, you see. They do not lie. But—see pretty in the face is nothing. The won-

derful of a person is in your heart. I am rich there, here in my heart, and some day I will be rich in my pocket. I hope so."

It is unlikely that Luis will ever become affluent. He has fought long and often, but money has a way of vanishing among Cuban fighters. The same cannot be said for Nino Benvenuti. With his various businesses and a recent music to his credit—one which convinced critics he will surely remain a boxer—Benvenuti is in training to be a millionaire. He is also certain that he is immortal now that he has beaten Rodríguez. He said before the fight that he would accomplish that. "My goal," he said, "is to become immortal, to be always remembered by fans for having done something extraordinary, something fabulous." In European boxing, however, Benvenuti is suddenly sharing much of the continent's adulation with a Spanish heavyweight named Urtain. Baptismally, Urtain is known as José Manuel Ibar. His other names are: The Tiger of Arona, The Basque Bull, The El Cordobes of the Ring. Few in Spain, or in the other less enlightened areas of European boxing, doubt that he will become the heavyweight champion of the world. He was on the Benvenuti-Rodríguez card last week and he quickly knocked out an excessively wary American import. His manager, jubilant in victory, said, "Urtain is the strongest man in the world. He lifted a stone once, and it weighed 250 pounds. He lifted and shouldered it 198 times, without breaking the succession." Urtain holds up his arm and makes a muscle. He may be able to chop down a forest of trees but he will not be the heavyweight champion of the world.

Nor will Nino Benvenuti remain immortal for long in Rome, though for a time he has provided Romans with their *belli homo* and made them glad to be Italian. As for Luis Rodríguez, he could not have cared less about Italy's social and political climate. He had come for a title and he left only with a lesson. "Certain things never do," a wise man once mused. "Never play cards with anyone called Doc, never eat at a place called Mom's and never tie up with a woman who has more problems than you have." It also would be prudent, Luis would now agree, to avoid fighting in Italy with anyone called Nino Benvenuti. ■■■

MEMORIES BY JOHN MCGEE

Formed by the referee, Luis tries to get up, but collapses before the count is finished.

# JUST LIKE A GREEN BAY TREE

*Handball's saintly statesman felt that wickedness was indeed flourishing when swinger Paul Haber won the singles championship. Last weekend in Birmingham they tried hard to exorcise demons* **by PAT PUTNAM**

The stories out of Boston and St. Pete and Charlotte were wild—and, to some, encouraging. Paul Haber, handball's singles champion on exhibition tour, was drunk out of his mind. Paul hadn't been sober since he won the title last March, and he really wasn't sober then. He was drinking beer faster than Milwaukee could brew it, and sucking up cigarette smoke at the rate of four or five packs a day and not getting any sleep.

Also, said the sport's devout leadership, there's this National Invitational Tournament in Birmingham, so let's gather all the top guns—Jimmy Jacobs and Stuffy Singer and Billy Yarnbrick—and let's go down there and bust this free-wheeling, swinging cat who gives the

game such a bad image. We need him like we need square handballs. He's been swinging, and he's ready to be taken. Let's get some more top guns, like Pat Kirby, who seems to get to Haber with his Scotch serve, and tough little Lou Russo, who'd rather whip Haber than cut and... .

So they all gathered in that smoky city in Alabama last week, hard-muscled, clear-eyed young men who can take that little black ball and shoot the eyes out of a Kentucky squirrel at 50 yards, and if Paul Haber came out alive, well, O.K.—just as long as he came out shot down in the eyes of the public. "Ho ho," said the dedicated, "have we got 'em now."

"Ho ho, like hell they have," snarled Haber, setting up permanent office in the dirty lit bar of the Cafe Italiano just across the street from the tournament headquarters. "Just let all them hypocrites try. Even when I'm drunk, I'm still 3-to-1 to beat any of them."

For the last four years Haber has been the bad noodle in handball's soup. For three of the four years he has been the singles champion, and that means he has been the sport's public image. "And it hurts when your public image is a guy who smokes and drinks and raises Cain," say the purists. "Why couldn't he have taken up bowling or Ping-Pong?"

On Thursday, the day before the tournament opened, Haber worked his way through, by his count, 28 cans of beer. "Man," he told delighted audiences, "this exhibition tour has been something, just one great party after another. In Boston I became the first guy ever thrown out of Bachelors III. A friend of mine poured me on a plane he thought was going to Chicago, and at 5 the next morning I wound up in St. Louis. I couldn't figure out what happened. Hey, where's the bartender? I'm out of beer. Who's got a match?"

A few of the handballers heard Haber was in the bar and they dropped in—not to drink, certainly, just to say hello.

One was Stuffy Singer, the 1968 singles champion, and one of the big favorites to gun down Haber.

"Hey, Stuffy," yelled Haber, who was now behind the bar pouring drinks. "I can't wait until tomorrow because I got better all the time."

"That's not only a bad line," said Stuffy, grinning, "it's not even original."

Haber was undaunted. "You know, I was trying to figure out who is the greatest Jewish athlete of the last 50 years. You know what? It's got to be me. No one has ever done what I've done. Gimme another beer."

Singer shook his head. "Sandy Koufax was the greatest. But if you want to compare records, I've got more claim to the title than you. I was a national junior table tennis champion. I was a Los Angeles tennis champion at 15, and I never even played tennis until seven days before the tournament. I was an all-league quarterback in high school. I weighed 135 pounds, and I couldn't throw, but I was great. I was best running for my life. I played second base on a semipro team in front of Jim LeFebvre."

Haber frowned. "Aw, forget all that. I'm still the greatest." He retreated to a piano, which he first played and then later danced on. "Look at the way he attacks life," said Dr. Steve August who a few days later would lose to Dr. Claude Roshan in the semifinals. "Have you ever seen anyone who tried to cram so much life into so little time?"

At noon Friday Haber was back in the bar. In seven hours he was scheduled to play Jimmy Leahy, a strong Irish kid out of Chicago. "Man, I'm hung over," moaned Haber. "I don't think I got any sleep. Give me a tomato juice and a beer." A few hours and a few beers later he left for the airport to pick up Paul Morles, his doubles partner and a close friend who had flown in from California to watch the tournament. At the airport they had five drinks, and Haber said things were getting a lit-



Almost sober, Haber (left) beats Leahy.

the fuzzy. "Must have drank them too fast," he said. "Go ask that kid—what's his name Leafy?—if he needs going throa' games tonight. I feel too terrible to win in two. Oh, Lord, my head."

If it had gone three games, Leafy would have been delighted. As it was, Haber won 21-6 and then 21-5. The excitement was swift and brilliant. Haber was merciless, blasting Leafy into quick frustration—once even bouncing a point off the young Irishman's head—and then savagelyaving him into helpless submission.

An hour later he was back in the bar. "I've never seen such stamina," said Bob Williams, the owner. "And he sure knows to party—for some reason."

"Hey, Bob," Haber yelled, "bring a couple of beers, my mouth is dry."

Three young customers walked in. "Hey," Haber said, "why didn't you guys bring some girls?"

"They're summary students," said Williams.

"Well, what are they doing in here?" said Haber. "I've already drunk up everything there is to drink."

Saturday they played two matches, one in the morning, one at night. Haber showed up for his morning match with Marty Decatur looking terrible. "I think I'm going to die," he said. He beat Decatur 21-19 and then 21-8. "I've got to have a beer and a nap or I won't even be alive to play tonight," Haber said.

He was to play Singer, who had just won a tough match with Pat Kirby. "I'm afraid I've got to pick Haber," said Jimmy Jacobs, who exchanges no love with the champion. Jacobs had pulled a muscle in his left thigh and had to forfeit his second match. "Staffy is just too nice a guy to be able to beat Paul. He's got just as much ability, but Haber is ruthless. What Staffy has is integrity. He's steeped in integrity."

"What about Haber's personality?" someone asked.

"When Paul is in there, he's in a war. He hangs his emotional hat on that ball. It's all he has in life. Handball."

Staffy Singer came by, and he and Jacobs went to lunch. "You can't forget about me being a nice guy out there," said Singer. "It depends upon who you play. I won't be a nice guy against Paul."

Jacobs looked at Staffy and sighed. "Look," he said, "I want to tell you something, and keep a blank mind,



At Joe Terrell's Birmingham bar Haber, with friend, enjoys a little prematch rum-so.

You've got to use a three-wall serve against Paul. That's what Kirby used, and he beat him their last six matches. One more thing—you haven't been playing the ball off glass too well. But none of us has. So you've got to play the ball down the left to his weaker hand. You must not hit the ball down the right. And insist upon a referee who can't be intimidated. You know how Paul is, he has their frightened before he gets on the court."

"Don't worry," said Staffy. "I'll beat him."

It began that way, with Singer building a 13-1 lead in the first game. But that soon passed. Haber won the first game 21-15, the second 21-8. He played brilliantly and ruthlessly; Singer had played only brilliantly.

"And you know what Staffy did?" Haber complained a few minutes after the match ended, "he came off the court first and he stole all the Gatorade. I've got to get a drink."

He did. Beer, of course. And then a few more beers, and a few more, and finally, deep into the night, someone

asked if he wasn't going to play the final the next day.

"Are you kidding," said Haber. "I'll be there even if I'm drunk. And it's still no contest."

At 4 in the morning he quit drinking. He was up at 10, his hands shaking, his eyes bloody. "Here goes evil against good," he said, grinning. "And I guarantee you evil is going to win."

It was almost a disaster. His opponent was Dr. Claude Bernhart, a big, strong and clean-swinging All-Ivy quarter-back out of Columbia. Dr. Bernhart started strong and won the opening game 21-18. But in the second game Haber went to work both on the doctor and the referee, Billy Yarnbrick. Between points he stomped the court like an enraged lion. It was rap and back to the end, with Haber winning 21-18. Then, with the seemingly inexhaustible Haber actually gaining strength and the clean-living doctor flugging badly, the third game developed into no contest, 21-13.

Haber headed for the bar to do a little serious drinking. He said: "Guess I've earned a beer."

END



The Rams' Roman Gabriel passed for two scores, got one himself.

## THE RAMS WIN ONE FOR MEMORY'S SAKE

*L.A. beat Dallas in what may be a preview of the NFL title game, and the Rams know the Cowboys will remember it if they meet again. But Dallas knows L.A. won't forget that Cal McNair didn't play* **By TEX MAULE**

**A** their coach, George Allen, keeps saying, the Los Angeles Rams are a team of emotion and enthusiasm and guys who give 110%, and they needed all of that plus a little bit of luck to beat the Dallas Cowboys 24-23 last Sunday in Memorial Coliseum. The game was much closer than the score indicates and, if the Rams and Cowboys meet again on Jan. 4 for the NFL title, that game may be decided on a safety in the fifth overtime period.

Although closely matched, the Rams and the Cowboys are as different as their coaches. Under their quiet, austere coach, Tom Landry, Dallas practices and plays with cool efficiency. The Rams in turn, emulate the emotional Allen. As Bob Brown, the offensive tackle, noted when he came to L.A. from Philadelphia earlier this year, "I'm a professional athlete and I do this thing for money, but this attitude here gets to me. I hear all these other guys clapping in practice,

and then I hear myself doing it, and I say, 'Man, who is that making that noise?'"

The Rams weren't coming in loud and clear against the Cowboys. Their defense, which has been the most reliable part of their game, gave way alarmingly at times, even though Dallas was playing without Calvin Hill, the NFL's leading rusher, who has a lock on Rookie of the Year. Indeed, the Cowboys outgained the Rams 352 yards to 290. And Dallas had key players out of both lines as well. Ron East filled in for veteran Jethro Pugh at defensive tackle, and Rayfield Wright, a whistle sight end, replaced All-Pro Ralph Neely at offensive tackle, where he had to contend with Deacon Jones. The Rams, too, were hurting in the offensive line. Mike LaHood, a rookie, replaced Joe Seibell at guard. LaHood was matched with East and lost.

Both clubs demonstrated their special

talents in the first quarter. The Rams took the opening kickoff and trudged 76 yards in 12 plays to score. This Ram team rarely breaks the long gainer, since its running backs—Larry Smith and Les Josephson—are both tough, hard runners rather than speedsters. In this drive, they crunched into the Cowboy line, trying to find cracks in the center, then swinging wide for yardage.

It was shamblerous football, but it wasn't very exciting to watch until Roman Gabriel, the big, oaken Ram quarterback, caught the Cowboys in a blitz at the Dallas 35-yard line. It was second down with 18 yards to go, and Gabriel had just been buried for an eight-yard loss by Ends George Andrie and Larry Cole. Dallas, aware that the Rams have to pass to generate long yardage, sent two linebackers in with the rush on the next play. Gabriel was anguished by a wave of blue Cowboy jerseys, but suddenly he emerged, dragged



Wendell Tucker, the speedy fifth wide receiver, was Los Angeles' chief offensive threat, scoring on touchdown passes of 16 and 48 yards.

off an insecure tackle, and flicked the ball away just before East, who had stroked LaHood, crashed into him. The ball found Wendell Tucker, the 5'10", 185-pound wide receiver, free at the goal line. Tucker took the ball with no one near him and ran in for the score. Gabriel, shaken by the rush, heaved off the field.

If the long march had persuaded the 79,105 fans on hand that they were going to witness an easy Ram victory, the Cowboys soon disabused them of that notion. They matched the Ram drive almost precisely, although they started from their own 14 after the kickoff and needed a roughing the kicker penalty to keep going.

Craig Morton is almost a physical replica of Gabriel. Like Gabriel he is one big, strongman. At 6'4" and 214 pounds, Morton is the same height and only six pounds lighter than the Rams quarterback, and he has the same ability to ab-

sorb the shock of a tackle and shake loose.

Counting the opening series, which ended with the penalty that gave them a first down on their own 27, Morton moved the Cowboys 75 yards in 14 plays. However, the drive stalled on the Ram 11 and Mike Clark kicked an 18-yard field goal to make the score 7-3 as the quarter ended. The two drives had used up all but two minutes of the period.

By now, it had become apparent that the game was not going to be dominated by the defense, as most experts had expected. The Cowboys' Doomsday Defense had proved as vulnerable as the Rams' Fearome Foursome, and neither team was able to prevent steady gains. The first two drives had been impressive and both scores were well earned, but for the rest of the game luck played a major part. The Cowboys intercepted a Gabriel pass on the next Ram series, the crowd booing lustily when the of-

ficial decreed an interception by Lee Roy Jordan, the middle linebacker. Jordan was covering Larry Smith and the ball hit Smith on the chest just as Jordan hit him from the side. The players fell, and from the stands it looked as though the ball had fallen to the ground and Jordan had picked it up. However, the official ruled that the ball had landed on Jordan's chest.

"It hit the ground," Gabriel said after the game. "I know it did. I want to see the movies on that." If the movies show what television did, Gabe is going to have to change his mind: Jordan managed to cradle the ball with one arm as it bounced off Smith.

At any rate, the interception stood and the Cowboys had possession on the Ram 25, following a roughness penalty. From there, Morton called four straight running plays, then rolled out far to his right, outrunning the Ram rush, and slipped an 11-yard pass to Mike Di-

ka, his right end, for the touchdown.

"He really bothered us with the rollout," said Diron Talbert, the Rams defensive end who was in futile pursuit of Morton when he released the ball. "He rolled out a lot more than we thought he would and we were giving him too much time to throw the ball all day."

Ditka was playing with a special mouthpiece. Last month, before the Cowboys beat the Eagles the second time, Ditka was in an automobile accident, and all of his teeth were loosened. After his dentist had wired the teeth, he told Ditka, "If you want to keep your front teeth together, don't play. If you get jarred, we may have to pull them." Said Ditka, "Pull them." Touched, the dentist made the mouthpiece.

Ditka's touchdown put the Cowboys ahead, 10-7. A few minutes later, however, the Rams came up with an interception of their own. Dan Reeves, playing in place of Hill, who was sidelined with a jammed big toe on his right foot, swung out wide on the halfback option pass the Cowboys use so well. They had tried it earlier and Reeves, unable to find a receiver, had been smothered by four Rams for a seven-yard loss. This time he threw the ball just as Deacon Jones, traveling at full speed, smashed into him. The ball, wobbling like a shot duck, fell into the arms of Ram Middle Linebacker Doug Woodlief, who lumbered 10 yards with it to the Dallas 32. The Dolphinsayers pressured Gabriel for three downs, forcing two incompletions and stopping another pass play for a three-yard gain, and the Rams settled for a 36-yard field goal by Bruce Gossett to tie the game, 10-10, which was how the half ended.

Gabriel, whose right knee was painfully bruised when East clubbed him as he threw his first touchdown pass, was unable to scramble as much as he usually does and was much more vulnerable to the Cowboy rush. Still, early in the third period, he produced what probably was the best play of the day as well as one of the smartest calls.

The Rams had the ball on their own 42, second down, two yards to go. George Allen took Jack Snow, one of his wide receivers, out of the game and replaced him with Bob Klen, a rookie tight end, giving the Rams two tight ends, and making it look like they were going to run for the first down. On the







snap, Gabriel faked a handoff to Larry Smith, pounding into the line, whirled and threw a quick pass to Tucker, who had slanted between two defensive backs. Tucker took the pass in full stride, brushed by an arm tackle and sped 38 yards for the touchdown.

"Our frequency chart showed they have a 5-to-6 tendency to bring their strong safety up close in that situation," Gabriel said after the game. "If he came up, I knew Wendell could get behind him. Of course, if he had played back, it could have audited out of the call."

Morton came within a hair of duplicating Gabriel's feat on the next series. Bob Hayes, isolated on Defensive Back Jim Nittles, beat him on a deep pattern, which had Hayes angling to his right toward the goalpost. The Rams were in a blitz, forcing Nittles into single coverage. It was one of the few times Hayes beat Nittles cleanly, and Morton, well protected, hit him with a long pass. Hayes caught the ball and was five yards in front of Nittles, heading for the goal line, when he dropped the ball. He and Nittles scrambled for it, Hayes eventually winning a crawling race to recover his fumble on the Rams 18. It was a 43-yard gain, but it should have been a touchdown.

"I don't know what happened," Hayes said later. "I was trying to put the ball in the bank."

Raymond Berry, the old Baltimore receiver, is now the Cowboy end coach. His basic rule for receivers is to tuck the ball into their armpits as soon as they catch it. The fumble cost the Cowboys four points, as they were forced to kick a field goal from the 22, and they trailed 17-13.

Late in the third period Nittles, made wary by the long gain against him, played Hayes too tightly on the next long pass to him and was called for interference. That put the ball on the Rams 29. The Rams threw the Cowboys back to the 36 on the next three downs, but Clark hit a 43-yard field goal, galling the Cowboys up to 17-16.

Gabriel then produced the finest Rams football of the afternoon. He started

a drive from the Rams 37 and whipsawed the Cowboy defense with alternate sweeps by Smith and Josephson, short passes to Snow and Josephson, and, finally, a nifty 17-yard run of his own, during which he put a great fake on one prospective tackler. Three plays later Gabe put his head down and went over from the one, and the Rams led 24-16.

The Cowboys, of course, got one more, too, when Morton, rolling out on nearly every play now to gain time, hit on successive passes to Rientzel, Hayes, Rames and Rientzel again for an eight-yard touchdown. That brought it to 24-23, and the Cowboys had one more shot at winning with a minute and a half left in the game, but Eddie Menden ruined things with an interception.

"Ten in a row," said Allen after the game, savoring the Rams' 10 and 0 record. "That's a pretty good start, isn't it? We made the big plays when we had to. That's the story of this team in 1968. We've made the big plays when we needed them."

Gabriel, sitting in his dressing cubicle with an ice pack taped to his right knee, saw it somewhat differently. "If we go undefeated for the season and lose the playoff, you can forget it," he said. "When you win you're 10 and 0 Sunday night. But Monday morning, against the team you play next Sunday, you're 0 and 0."

"It wasn't an especially sharp game," he went on. "They're a good team, but this wasn't one of our best games. It was just a physical and an emotional win. They'll never admit we're a better team than they are, but as long as we win, then the next time we play, they'll remember that we beat them last time."

Gabriel is right. The Cowboys will remember. And one thing they won't forget is that they lost by only a point without Calvin Hill. "He could have played if he had to," Landry said. "But the toe is still sore, and if he played it might be sore yet next week. We would have had him at half-speed for this game and at half-speed for the Thanksgiving Day game against the 49ers. By keeping him out of this game, he'll be at full speed for the rest of the year, and that's what we want."

Next time, with Hill, the Cowboys could give the Rams something to remember. If there is a next time. **END**

INQUIRIES BY SHEP D. SOLO

Mike Dallas (18) loses the ball after being dumped by Richie Peterson, but he had possession long enough to score for Dallas.

# STARDUST ON A SPREE

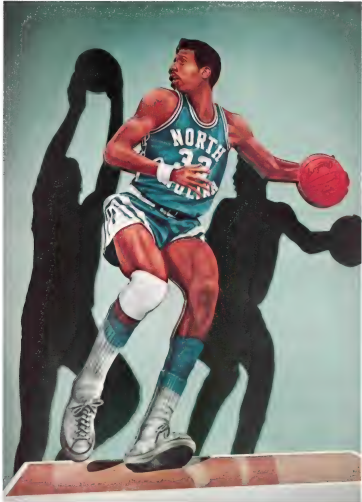
The names have become as familiar as almost any in the sport: LSU's Pete Maravich (see cover), whose scoring soars as his socks sag; Niagara's Calvin Murphy and Purdue's Rick Mount, two dead-shot guards (right); Centers Mike Maloy of Davidson, Bob Lanier of St. Bonaventure and Dan Issel of Kentucky (from left, next page); and Charles Scott of North Carolina, whose all-round skills rival Pistol Pete's. Sculptor Howard Kanovitz, using a mixed bag of artistic genres, placed them all on pedestals, as well he might. That is where they and a slew of others from Santa Clara to Columbia to New Mexico State have been since they first stepped onto college courts two years ago. They are seniors now, part of a remarkable class that has as many stars as vintage 1962, when Lucas, DeBusschere, Walker, Havlicek and many more graduated into the pros. UCLA's John Wooden calls Maravich the greatest ball handler ever. Beginning on page 39, Pete tells what it takes to get that good and our annual scouting reports (page 48) tell why, despite his wizardry, his Tigers will take no title. In a wide-open year the other teams—perhaps 50 of them—are loaded.

PAINTED SCULPTURED FIGURES BY HOWARD KANOVITZ









# I WANT TO PUT ON A SHOW

by PETE MARAVICH  
with CURRY KIRKPATRICK

I guess I love the game of basketball more than anything else in the world. From the beginning it was like an addiction with me. I played it so much. Forty-seven weeks out of the year. Four to five hours a day. I never really was interested in other sports or in anything else, either. For a while I ran some track. But I could never see running around in a circle for a long time and just getting tired. Really it was all basketball. The fact that my father, Pops, was coaching the game probably had the most to do with it. I mean, if he had put a football in my hand I would have wanted to be a football player, or if he had been a plumber, maybe I would have been tough with a wrench. I don't know.

I will admit my dad taught me a lot way back when I was a little skinny kid, and he has continued to teach me everything he knows at LSU. But then again, I get the reds about that on occasion. I mean I really get the reds. Some people all along have said, well, Pete Maravich scores all those points and makes All-America all right, but he's had his father along and it's easier that way. That's just so ridiculous. I can't even believe it. Those people can just go to their damn rooms. That's like having me sit in a chair and having someone go over an English novel with me and tell me everything that's in it and then say: "Well there it is, you know it all now."

Yeah, right. I know it all. I don't have to go out and read the novel, do I, because I know everything about it. That's about as stupid as saying I learned all there was to know about basketball from my father, so all I had to do was wait until college and then go out and play the game.

Dad taught me everything, sure, and all I had to do was practice. But that's it, that's the hard part. Practice. And I did practice. Man, I practiced.

Even very early while growing up and playing every day, I felt I would have a future in basketball, if only for the fact that I did practice and work so hard at it. I would seclude myself in a gym at the YMCA, or go out in the backyard, playing alone most of the time, and say to myself,

*continued*



The most complete senior of all may be North Carolina's Charles Scott, a smooth shot who blends spring with strength and quickness.

"Well look now, from what I've seen around me, the people in the pros and in college must have worked hard or they wouldn't have earned a scholarship and they wouldn't have been able to make a living at this game. Well, they aren't working any harder than me, because I'm out here four and five hours a day." And I was.

I first started playing around with a basketball when I was 7 and it was just a toy, like my bicycle and five engines and my toy gun—yeah, I guess they were toys.

In those days we lived about two miles from town and I'd walk there all the time, dribbling a basketball most of the way, to work out at the Y and go to the movies. Whenever I went to the movies I'd take my ball with me and be sure to get an end seat so I could dribble in the aisle while the movies were on. There were only a few people in the theater then, Clemson, S.C. isn't the biggest metropolis in the world, you know. It isn't Atlanta. These people in the theater were old and tired, and they looked like they'd been sitting there for three years. They didn't mind my dribbling—the floor was carpeted and I had a rubber ball—and I never got thrown out for it or anything.

Later, about the fourth or fifth grade, I was still timid and shy around people—like a lot of kids my age—and I would practice in the gym all by myself. When you're in the gym alone, you know, you can do anything you want, because nobody is there to stop you. I began feigning with the ball in there, fooling around with it and doing funny things. I would get bored with just shooting straight to the basket or dribbling around in circles. So I practiced different stuff with ball handling and dribbling, stuff that was exciting to me and much more fun. I would throw it off the wall and try to make a basket. I'd bounce it off the floor and up to the rim, I'd throw it over the rafters and try to hook it, stuff like that.

Then I'd try passing against the wall, first throwing the ball behind my back, then through my legs and around my neck, aiming for a spot on the wall. Usually I made all kinds of difficult shots that seemed impossible to the rest of the kids when I would go tell them about it. Then, of course, when they'd come to see me do the stuff, I'd never make it. The ball just would not go in. I wasn't choking or anything, I don't think. (You don't choke at 11 years old, do you?) But I did get awfully upset when the other guys would watch me try.

As I grew up I continued to work on my drills—I didn't have a name for them then—and even began to use the funny passes in games and other competitive situations. In high school I had five different coaches in five years, and they never gave me much hassle about my stuff because they knew I'd play like this whether they liked it or not. I always put it to them this way: If I can get the ball to a man with a pass behind my back as well as I can with a regular chest pass, what's the difference? They didn't really appreciate that, but they let me do it anyway.

For one thing, I used to always take hook

shots from 15 and 20 feet away in junior high. It was easier for me to get the ball up there that way. I also shot from the hip, because I wasn't strong enough to get the ball high on my chest or over my shoulder. I was about 4' 11" then, maybe 85 pounds, really a spaghetti, and I fired it one-handed, from the hip. I think that's when somebody first called me Pistol. Anyway, I would throw these hook shots and also some two-handed sets from 15 feet (which was my most accurate shot of all), and the coaches would go just about crazy.

The other tricks were just something for me to do, something to fool around with because I was always playing with guys older than me. When I was 10 and 11, I'd be playing against guys 15 and 16. I'd dribble through my legs and throw the ball around my back and everything. I'd get the biggest kick out of it—I could hardly stand it. I'd go crazy. I'd love doing different things to an opponent. All of this was really just preliminary hucking around.

Two incidents, one in junior high school, the other in high school, really shaped my whole outlook on the game. The first came when I was in seventh grade and went out in front of a crowd for the first time. It was a junior varsity game in Clemson and there were only about 87, 88 people in a small gym, but I got such a feeling in my stomach, it was amazing. I just wanted to do everything and be everything in front of that crowd. I wanted to put on such a show. I don't even remember what happened in the game; I just remember the feeling.

Three years later when I was in high school and had more confidence, I began throwing wilder passes and connecting with them. The crowds were getting bigger then, and once I had the people behind me, I wanted to do more and more with the ball. I remember one game I threw a behind-the-back bounce pass on the move through a guy's legs! I mean, man, you understand? A behind-the-back through his legs! Oh, what! I remember I was coming down on a three-on-one break, and my man was overplaying me to the left and giving me the open teammate on the right. But that was too easy a pass. We were going to get two anyway, so it didn't make any difference. As my man was sliding and I was dribbling, I noticed his legs moving in and out, in and out. Still on the move. I saw the right moment and threw the ball when his legs were out—behind my back, now, not a straight pass—and I put it right through him to a teammate on the left. He converted for the basket. The crowd, boy. The crowd! I want to tell you, they went berserk. I couldn't believe it. My man looked like somebody stepped on his head. I think right then show time was born in Pete Maravich.

The audience—the spectators, the fans, the people who watch on television, all of the crowds—has always been one of the most important parts of basketball to me. Without the fans, you don't have a game, any game. I mean, what are you playing for if not the fans?





I guess there are several tons of him in me—that must be obvious—and I recognized early that basketball, more than any other team game, gives a guy the opportunity to be a showman. I've always wondered why in football a quarterback couldn't learn to flip a behind-the-back pitch-out to one of his running backs, or in baseball a pitcher try to fool a batter with a behind-the-back fastball. But you know there isn't anybody who's about to do that. The skills involved in basketball are different. You can do more stuff, more antics. And one guy has much more leeway to put on a show. That really is what basketball is for me—an entertainment, a chance to express myself. It's what I've chosen to do in my life, it's my thing.

The people at LSU and in Baton Rouge, where I play, and all over the Southeastern Conference know that when Pete Maravich comes out on the court it's show time. Sure I come out to win the game. That's always No. 1. But I also want to put on a performance that the fans will enjoy. I never go into a game thinking, "Oh, here's another 40 minutes to kill. I'll just go out, run around and then head back to the shower."

There's one misconception I'd like to clear up. When most people hear the name Maravich, all they think of is a skinny kid who shoots all the time. Well, I do shoot a lot [1,022 times as a sophomore, 978 times last year]. But, and this may sound funny, shooting is not really my game. Passing is. Passing and ball handling and dribbling—that is the most exciting part of my game, the most devastating part, the part that people come out to see, the part I like to talk about.

Shooting in basketball is very unimaginative, really. Almost boring. There is so little margin for error in shooting, so very little chance to be flashy. I have the same shots most other players have—the jump, the one-hand push, the set, the hook. I do have a hesitation jump shot. I picked that up by watching stars like Elgin Baylor, only I have to use more positions in the air, because I never seem to get free with just one or two moves.

But passing is what I like to do best. I've said many times that I don't think our team could have put people in the stands at LSU if we had just won a lot of games, or if I had just scored a lot of points. I think it was something else. I think it was the style, the passing.

At the end of my sophomore year I played in the East-West All-Star Game in Indianapolis and won the Star of Stars award. It certainly wasn't for my shooting. I only scored 16 points, but I had 11 or 12 assists that were right out of the show. From the coaches' and writers' standpoint, these seemed to be the highlight of the game. I know that's what the fans liked best. That award meant much more to me than either of the national scoring championships I won. Any time you win over guys that are all All-Americans, it has to be the best. And it was all passing.

I like the word "show time" when describing my style, simply because it sometimes keeps people from using another word—"hot dog." I hate that, hot dog. The word has bad connotations, so, of course, that is what people always yell at me on the road. I guess when a person has

all that ham in him, he is a hot dog. But I don't like it.

Anyway, people who criticize my hot-dogging—showmanship—are just way behind in the game. Anybody who calls a guy a hot dog just because he puts the ball behind his back or between his legs is a complete dummy. People who yell that are so far behind in basketball it's pitiful. Basketball is almost in the 21st century, it's moving so fast. All that common stuff—dribbling down straight, chest pass, bounce pass, fundamental stuff like that—that's going out of basketball. It's getting better, faster. Pretty soon you'll see 6'8" guards and 7'5" centers. They're going to have to raise the basket soon, change the backboards. My dad always has had this idea to make the backboards angle, concave, so that when you shot the ball, it wouldn't necessarily come straight off the board. This would take some of the advantage away from the big man.

Anyway, these people who razz me for my style are behind the times. It's like anything else, I guess. They're giving me the business—the oooooos and the whistles and handkerchiefs and things—because I'm doing something that they can't do. Actually, I love the whistles and all the rest. That kind of stuff is great for the game.

But all this is beside the point. I play the way I do because that is the way I've always played. It's my style. I do it for the benefit of the team, for our fans and for myself. I don't throw a behind-the-back pass just to hot dog it. I throw it to meet a situation. I throw it to excite the crowd. I bet at least 90% of the people want to see my show. You can't tell me just 10%; wait. I like. I see, if I have a choice whether to do the show or throw the straight pass, and we're going to get the basket either way, I'm going to do the show.

I still practice all those drills that I worked on alone in the gym back in Clemson. When I visit sports clinics and camps in the summer, some of the older kids think I'm crazy, doing all my stuff. But the younger ones are fascinated. The drills are more than just for show. They stimulate my quickness and reaction, and they have made it possible to develop my passing skills. All of these drills are on a movie my dad made. It was called *Howeard Howellball*, and it was a funny movie.

I guess the first thing I learned to do as a kid was spin the basketball on my fingertips. I start with my index finger, then go down my hand, spinning the ball on each finger. I do a quick change in one variation where it looks like I'm spinning it on all five fingers at once. That's really sharp. When I started spinning, I'd spin the ball for as long as anybody wanted me to. I'd make bets on how long. I had it spinning one time for about 30 minutes straight. I had a full nail, a half-inch nail, all worn down, and the whole thing was bleeding.

Now I can spin the ball down under my arm, go inside out and come all the way around keeping it going. Outside-in is even harder. Another variation is spinning the ball



continued

then flicking it behind my back and catching it on one finger, still maintaining the spin. I used to use this drill in our team warmups before games, just to get loose. I stopped that. If we lost, people would say, why don't you stick to your spinning? I don't need that baloney.

Another drill is the ricochet. To do this one, I stand with my feet spread shoulder-width apart, take the ball with both hands, throw it between my legs at a 45° angle and catch it behind my back. Then I throw it from back to front the same way. I keep going back and forth, back and forth—for reaction, not quickness.

My variation for this is the bullet ricochet. I slam the ball as hard as I can from way above my head and try to catch it behind me. You really can't see my hands move on this one, they're going so fast. People have sat there and said, honestly, truthfully, that they had no vision of my hands moving. They were a blur. It is that terrific WHAM when I bring the ball down that makes the whole thing so fast. This is a very dangerous drill, actually. I don't think I have to elaborate on how much it hurts if you catch yourself in the crotch off the bounce. I know one kid who did the bullet ricochet once and ended up in the hospital.

The pretzel is another hand-reaction drill. I place my left hand behind my left leg and my right hand in front of and between my legs. I lean over for this one. I hold the ball with my right hand, and the object is to change hands with the ball, moving my hands in a figure-eight fashion around my legs. I go back and forth, back and forth with the ball as fast as I can. The trick is to keep the ball stationary, keep it in place right there in front of my body and between my legs. I can do this almost faster than the eye can see, I think. I'll do this drill in arenas where we haven't played before. The fans wonder what the hell I'm doing bending over and throwing the ball between my legs. They'll find out in the game.

The walking pretzel and dribbling pretzel are pretty much self-explanatory. Also, I do the skipping pretzel on occasion. On the first of these I just take the ball and move it between my legs in figure-eight fashion while I'm walking and then running. Then I dribble it through my legs while skipping and running. This, of course, is what I wind up doing when the game begins. The hardest thing for me to practice is running down the court full speed while dribbling between my legs.

The scissor drill is just another variation of the pretzel. Instead of moving the ball sideways and around my legs, I move it up and down. I bend over

again with both of my hands behind me this time. The object is to throw the ball up slightly, quickly moving my hands around so my front where I can catch the ball. I throw it up again, and catch it from the back. Throw it again, catch it from the front. Back, front. Back, front. Ac-

tually, I don't really catch it. I just touch it and flick it.

I don't have a name for the drill where I throw the ball up front in front and catch it behind my back. I jam my fingers on this one a lot, anyway. The ball goes so high. I start with throws of five and six feet and go up to 25 and 30 feet. Recently I've begun to see how many times I can slap my knees before getting my hands in back to catch the ball. I throw the ball against the ceiling as hard as I can for quickness. The object here is to whip my hands behind me only after the ball has disappeared behind my head. If I just lay my hands back there

while the ball is on the way up, I'm cheating. I have to wait until I can't see it anymore before getting ready to catch it. This may not sound hard, but when you're slapping your knees 25 times in a matter of a few seconds, then throwing your hands behind you to catch the impact of the ball, your arms feel at least like 25-pound lead weights.

Punching the bag is an exercise drill I learned from watching professional boxers work out. I use it for strengthening my fingertips and my hand quickness. I get down on my knees and start dribbling from about 12 inches off the floor, first with one hand, then the other. The object is to dribble as low as I can without letting the ball stop. I go to about one-eighth of an inch off the ground, punching it rat-tat-tat-tat, like a machine gun. Really killing it. The ball is going so fast I can't even hear it hit the floor.

My last drill is the body drill, which is simply moving the ball as quickly as I can around my neck, then down around my body, around my legs, knees and ankles. Then I go in and out, figure eight, dribbling sometimes, flipping sometimes. Finally, I should be all loosened up. Of all of these drills, though, I've always felt that if a man can spin the ball, he can do almost anything. The main purpose here is to give me more confidence in handling the basketball. Most of the guys on the LSU team do spins before every practice, and my dad still has an exercise where he lets each of us go up and down the court doing anything we want with the ball. I guess you might call it the liberation drill.

Whatever ability I have in passing comes from extensive work on these drills. There are three basic elements in passing—fingertip control, backspin and follow-through—and before I could learn any of the show-time passes, I had to develop the four fundamental passes everyone uses—the chest pass, bounce pass, overhead and baseball pass. You know, that common stuff. The show passes only came after I had mastered the common stuff.

I don't remember when I first tried to figure out how to make a behind-the-back pass work. I knew I didn't cheat in learning how. I didn't turn to the side and throw the ball behind my back. Anybody 4 years old can pick up





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something and throw it behind his back like that. I tried to throw the ball past my defender, facing him the whole time, so that it would be a lot easier to pass like that in tight situations. I'd practice 25 a day, then practice 25 more as I took one step back. Now, I throw these as an afterthought.

Most of the show—and the passing I mention here—comes on the fast break. That is what I really love, blasting down the middle on a three-on-one or a three-on-two. Sometimes when we start out and I see the play developing, I just want to shout out, "Hey, here we go. Hey, everybody, watch this." In some instances it is better to throw a behind-the-back on the bounce rather than an ordinary behind-the-back. In a game against Tulane two years ago—I throw a behind-the-back pass on the bounce and the ball hit my left foot and bounced to my teammate on the right instead of the one on the left. The ball hit him square in the hands and he didn't know what to do, so he put it in the basket. Nobody knew what happened, not even the referee, which is fortunate, since it is illegal to kick a basketball in a game. People asked me after the game how I did that. I said, "What?" Sort of innocently. It was just a mistake, but the legends grow.

The between-the-legs bounce pass is directly from the pretzel drill. The object is to take the ball with either hand and throw it to my opposite side, only between my legs. I'm going full speed and I throw it so fast that, once I've let go, my hand hits off my leg and flaps out straight, so it looks like I'm handing off to the defense. Many times the fans don't realize I've put it through my legs. The pass goes so fast and their vision might be blocked by the referee, or they might have a bad angle. At Mississippi State last year I pulled one of these, and I know the crowd didn't know it. Silence. I'd done the same thing a few nights earlier at Mississippi and the people went crazy.

In tight, crowded situations—for instance when I'm driving the baseline—I use the behind-the-neck pass. I use this when I'm engaged by two or three men and, say, the corner drops off to take me. I can't bounce the ball or throw it straight from the front. Too many people. I just start the ball off on the right side and whip it left behind my neck.

It's easier really than a behind-the-back pass. The wrist pass may be the most deceptive of all. Driving straight as a defender after the final dribble, I extend my arms to the fullest and, just as he reaches for the ball, flick my wrist left or right, depending on whose the open man is. I've developed spins on the ball so that I can hit a teammate just about every time on the dead run. But I have to extend my arms all the way. If I don't, it won't fool anybody. If I do, the defender goes for it every time and all he catches is air.

I once put this pass on a referee after he blew a call. I was really mad, so I

went up to him and threw the ball right at his face. As he was falling back about 20 feet and knocking over some chairs, the ball whizzed on his backspin right back to me. It was hilarious. The ref gave me the quickest technical in history, of course, but I didn't mind. The fans loved it.

Probably the hardest pass for me to throw is an around-the-body pass. This differs from the behind-the-back pass by a full 180°. With the behind-the-back, I might start the ball on my right side and throw it behind my back to the left. With an around-the-body, I'll start on the right, move the ball in *five* of my body so the left, then around my back to the right so that it ends up over on the right. This is all in one motion, of course. I've only done this about three or four times a season, but it's wild.



All of these passes have variations, of course, such as faking the behind-the-back and then coming around with a straight shovel pass. Or faking a front-shovel reverse pass in the air and flicking it backward to a teammate. (That's the old Globetrotter trick where a Globie goes to hand the ball to a man, then at the last moment flicks it backward and shakes hands with the man.) I use this pass when I'm going for the basket in the air and am about to get stuffed. That happens a lot. There are few things good ballplayers like better than to stuff a fancy shot back down your throat.

Probably most of the criticism of my show stems from the fact that I put it on no matter what—whether the game is a rout either way or if it is close. I don't let the criticism bother me. I've always had enough confidence in my passing and playmaking to use both in tight situations. The only difference is the reaction of the crowd. In a laughter game, I'll get a few sounds. In a close game, the people will take the damn roof off.

I remember last year, in the finals of the All-College Tournament in Oklahoma City. We were playing Duquesne—a fine team. We were the Cinderella team of the tournament, but the Dukes were pulling away from us in the last five minutes. Nobody went home, but it looked like curtains. Anyway, we fought back, and I hit a couple to pull us tighter. We were down by one with about a minute left when I drove the lane. I thought it was open at the time, but here came one of those two big Nelson brothers out of nowhere. I mean those guys are huge and they're tough. Anyway, here he came, so I gave him a pump in the air and thought I was home free for sure. But, oh no. All of a sudden the other Nelson came flying at me and had me perfectly stuffed. I mean perfect, a pigeon. I thought I was a goner. Well, I didn't yell out, "It's show time," or anything, but all I could do was give a couple of more pumps, bring the ball in tight to my chest, then flip it as I was going down onto the floor. The ball hit the side of the board and banked in. I couldn't believe it. The noise blew me out and we won the game. That was just an example

*continued*



of going to the show when it was necessary. Believe me, I didn't pull a zippy flip to entertain the Nelsons.

At Auburn, when I was a sophomore, they were really booing me, which I loved. Everytime I'd shoot during warmups and miss, they'd ooooh and ahhhhhh. Everytime I made a shot, they'd go "yee yee." I missed about three in a row, and everybody was laughing and yucking it up. I said to myself, O.K., let's see what they do with this one. I got one of our guards to give me a ball, and everybody else stopped shooting. I went under the basket and started making layups. The crowd went "yee yee yee." I did that about 20 or 30 times, and they got softer and softer until they just quit because their throats were sore. That shut them up for a while. Of course, in the game they started right back.

At Mississippi State the crowd is always wanting a ball so they can pass it up the rows to the top of the gym. That's a big kick for them, I guess. They asked me for a ball one time and I just looked at them for a while, then turned around and flipped it over my head way up in the stands. They laughed like crazy. I loved it.

Probably the biggest show, though, came in our final game of the season last year at Georgia. It gave us a 300 season, for one thing, but it was so exciting nobody could believe it. At halftime we were down by four points, but they opened it up quickly to go 15 points ahead. We put on a rush, though, and tied them at the end. I remember I was going for my season scoring record and needed about 49 points, but I had such a miserable first half, it was painful. In the first overtime they had a two-point lead and the ball with 12 seconds left, but a Georgia man came down and shot. Why he shot I'll never know, but I got the rebound, dribbled the length and scored to tie again. In the second overtime we blew them out. In the last minute and a half I got the ball and was feeling so great I decided to start a dribbling exhibition. Between the legs, around my back, through defenders' legs, everything. I went outside, sideline, all over. Finally I dribbled underneath, then went all the way back out again without putting the ball up. By this time the crowd was berserk. Fourteen thousand people berserk, and this was *on the road*. But now the Georgia players were mad. They had fire in their eyes. They all came after me, and I thought they were going to kill me. I started dribbling to midcourt, then to my bench. I wanted out. About two feet from the bench I looked up and there were four seconds to go, so I threw a hook shot from about 35 feet. Just as the buzzer sounded, the ball went in, my 58th point. It didn't touch anything. Just oxygen.

Well, 14,000 just sat there stunned. I was stunned, too. I had walked over to sit down when I looked back and saw the shot. Damn, it went in. Then the place exploded. It was like we had won the national championship. I'll tell you one thing, they didn't take any film of that game, but I don't mind. When I'm 70 years old and telling my grandchildren about the shot, I imagine the distance will match my age.

Some people have said that my act isn't good for the game because I'm trying to embarrass other players. That

isn't true. I don't go out there to embarrass anyone. On the other hand, I don't feel sorry for a guy when he looks like a clown and gets wiped out on a play. What would people have me do? Say, "Look, Jack, I'm sorry you fell down. I won't do it ever again!"

I'm especially not sorry for those guys who are always talking to me and goading me when they play defense. I won't mention any names, but before one game last year a guy came out on the radio and said he'd hold me to seven points. I believe the way he said it was he'd, "jam the Pistol." He jammed me, all right, all the way out of the game. I went for 45 and fouled him out just after the half. Now that was just stupid of him, saying something like that. If I've got to stick the ball in my pants and jump through the hoop myself to win, I'll do it.

Last spring I went through a weight training program that has really helped me. I weighed 172 at the end of the season, but now I'm up to 205 and feel like a right end. I'll probably lose five or 10 pounds before the season begins, but still I don't think I'm skinny anymore. One reporter once said I looked like I needed a body transplant. Well, my body-transplant days are over. I think the added weight has made me quicker, as well as stronger. I know I can jump higher now.

The LSU team may not be a title contender, but we have some tall sophomores who could make us very strong. We're all looking forward to the season, even though our schedule is tougher than it's ever been. We play teams like Oregon State and Southern Cal early in the year at Baton Rouge, then take a Western trip to UCLA and to the Rainbow Classic in Hawaii. I will be on the beach in Hawaii.

I love to go on the road, by the way. I much prefer playing away than at home. At home, the same people are watching you who have seen it all before. On the road, you have new places and you're playing to people who don't know about the show. I can do things that they haven't seen before, and maybe make basketball fans out of people who didn't care much for the game.

Aside from the Hawaii trip, I'm looking forward to two things this year. The first is trying again to get into a postseason tournament (the NIT has wanted me the past two years, but we just haven't won enough games), and the second is to break Oscar Robertson's three-year scoring record of 2,973. I've got 2,286. If I stay healthy, maybe I can go for that late in the season.

Whatever happens—whatever the criticism or the whistles or handkerchiefs or even shouts of "hot dog"—I'm going to go out shooting and passing in my own way. I can't change now. It's the only style I have, even if it is one long show. After all, everybody loves a show.





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# THE TOP 20 TEAMS

Not in four years has anybody dared pick against UCLA. Even with Lew Alcindor gone, to do so now is still chancy. John Wooden's teams have always been good and this year's edition is no exception. But the Gamecocks of South Carolina, an almost all-New York team, and the Aggies of New Mexico State, not to mention Purdue with Rick Mount, may have enough finesse and—most of all—enough desire to unseat college basketball's biggest winner



# 1 SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia, S.C., is not your everyday hotbed of campus antiwar sentiment, but last Oct. 15, 1,000 students demonstrated on M-Day at the Carolina Coliseum. Their target was not the moratorium but an M of a different order—that twinkling, wavy-haired, stylish charmer of a basketball coach, Frank McGuire. When McGuire's Gamecocks pranced onto the court for their first practice, the students stood en masse, clapping and cheering until McGuire himself appeared, when they cheered even louder. "I've never felt anything like it," McGuire says. "... well, yes I have. There was 1957." In 1957 while at North Carolina McGuire took his team of five New Yorkers to a 32-0 season and the national championship. On M-Day the Coliseum demonstrators were simply showing their appreciation for a man and a basketball program that are—(2 years and one Carolina later)—in a comparable position to turn out a national champion all over again.

The five Iron men who played most of the way through last season's 21-victory schedule (including a stunning upset of LaSalle in the Quaker City final) have all returned. Well, almost all. Guard Billy Walsh succumbed to his school books and will sit out the first semester. In 6' 10" Tom Owens and 6' 2" John Roche, South Carolina has two skinny juniors who will be playing their seventh season together (they were teammates at LaSalle Academy in Manhattan) and who work the pick and roll better than anyone in college. A brilliant passer and shooter, Roche averaged 23.6 points a game and upset North Carolina's Charles Scott for the ACC player of the year award last season. He controls every South Carolina game with nerve and polish and he just may be the finest backcourt man in the history of the conference. Though Owens led the league in rebounds, he is a natural forward and will move to the corner to make room for Tom Riser, a 6' 10" sophomore who is left-handed, pick-cheeked, strong and agile. Riser moves and shoots either way underneath but must control a tendency to slash people mauling the boards if he wants to stay in the game. John Ribcock, a 6' 8" policeman who can shoot, is the other forward (and the only non-New Yorker of the first seven) while senior Bob Crenins and sophomore Bob Carver share the second guard spot until Walsh's return.

In addition to setting up Roche's pet moves, South Carolina will run a lot more and vary its defenses from the standard zone McGuire hid to use last season in order to protect his only five. The Gamecocks are deep, stylish and remarkably poised. It has taken a while, but Frank McGuire, himself a New York expatriate, is all the way back.

# 2 NEW MEXICO STATE

The case against New Mexico State concerns its competition—a group of potential disaster victims, according to critics. Of course, Joe Louis never took on anybody, either, nor did the New York Jets. Nor, in fact, did the last team to come wandering out of the Southwest wastelands with a schedule everybody laughed at. The Miners of Texas Western (now UTEP) went on to plunder the college basketball world in 1966, win the national championship and—it is a long time between drinks—stand today as the only team in the last six years to interrupt UCLA's monopoly on the title.

The local gentry of Las Cruces think they have seen enough of Coach Lou Henson and his first three Aggie teams (all of which went to the NCAA tournament) to suspect that they have another good bet from the white sands. "If we had been in another region the last two years, my kids think they could have made the final four," says Henson, who lost to UCLA in the '68 and '69 Western playoffs. "It feels good to be playing for No. 1 again—when you know you have a chance."

With their first six men back plus four sophomores who will help a lot, State may have as good a chance as anyone. The Aggies have won 47 games over the past two seasons with their two stars, Slammie Sam Lacey and Jimmy Collins, sharing most of the honors. This summer Collins took the Mississippi-bred Lacey back home to Synouse, where they worked in construction together and scrimmaged on the playgrounds. As a result, Lacey came to school 30 pounds lighter, twice as aggressive and seriously eyeing a pro contract.

With his newly acquired depth, Henson plans to run and run some more while pressing all over the court on defense. Lacey, 6' 10", and Jeff Smith, 6' 8", will get the ball; Collins and Charley Criss—one of the quickest backcourts anywhere—will handle it; and the Aggies will not so much run as snake up to the basket. John Burgess, 6' 6", is an unsung but solid defender and ball handler who could free Collins to work the baseline, where he is most dangerous. Criss was sorely missed by the Aggies in the playoffs last year (he was ineligible), because he runs the offense and is a good enough shooter to deny double teams on Collins. Now he will play the whole season.

Henson is a strict disciplinarian who softells rather than screams his players into respect, and he is not one to allow his talent to get out of hand over playing time and who scores the points. His team's burn-of-the-month club includes Oklahoma Christian, Sul Ross and Boise State, but do not be deceived. New Mexico State is no light team. As Henson says, "We're going to have to play awfully bad to lose."

CONTINUED

# 3

## UCLA

It has been common for the UCLA basketball team to have a strong group of California-bred athletes enhanced by one or two black players from faraway places, attracted to Westwood because of Coach John Wooden, the supposedly glamorous life in L.A. and the school's reputation for fair treatment of Negroes. The Bruins have had Kenny Washington from South Carolina, Fred Slaughter from Kansas, Walt Hazzard from Philadelphia, Mike Warren from Indiana and that tall fellow from New York City. Now comes Henry Bibby of Franklinton, N.C., a 6'1" sophomore guard who has quickness and such a good shooting eye he could, according to admirers, stand 25 feet away and plunk a tennis ball into a drain pipe nine times out of 10.

Bibby is important to UCLA not only for his scoring (26.5 average as a freshman) but for his ball handling, too. Wooden intends to go back to his pre-Alcindor fast break, and Bibby's dribbling and passing have improved so much that he will be the middle man on most of the sprints down the court.

UCLA will also switch from the Alcindor low post to a high-post offense. Here the key man is 6'9" junior Steve Patterson, who was red-shirted during one of Alcindor's years. Patterson shoots well from the high post and in practice Wooden and assistant Denny Crum are drilling him on driving to the basket if he is too closely covered. Back are two strong junior forwards, 6'4½" Curtis Rowe (outstanding in the NCAA tournament) and 6'8" Sidney Wicks. Neither can shoot from the corner with the proficiency of the graduated Lynn Shackleford, but both are better than Shack in every other phase of the game, except perhaps attitude. Wicks does not always play up to his spectacular ability.

That Rowe and Wicks are not such deadly outside shooters, however, hardly matters. Beside Bibby there is 6'2" Guard John Vallely, one of the best beach volleyball players in California and another deadeye on the basketball court. Vallely scored 29 points, mostly from outside, in the NCAA semifinals and made the all-tourney team.

It is a very strong starting lineup, but UCLA does not seem to have the depth of the past, although there are a couple of quick players to put in for the full-court press, and a good substitute guard, Terry Schofield, who has been known to develop a very hot hand when the occasion called for it.

For the first time in years the Bruins are not the favorites to win the national championship and that could be a big asset. Says Wooden, barely suppressing a sense of relief: "I look forward to again coaching to try to win, rather than trying to keep from being defeated."

# 4

## PURDUE

Purdue's senior Guard Rick Mount has been eating squirrel some nights this fall. He married his Lebanon, Ind. high school sweetheart last summer and, frankly, the Mounts cannot afford many T-bones. So the Big Ten's greatest scorer has taken to hunting and anybody who has seen his long-range jump shot knows the Mounts will not be hurting for meat—any more than Coach George King's Boilermakers will be hurting for points this winter. Behind Mount's fancy gaming they should win their second straight league championship and again contend seriously for the national title.

Mount is even more important to Purdue this year than in 1968-69 when he scored 33.3 points a game as the team finished second in the country. Missing from that high-scoring squad (93 points a game) are steady Guard Bill Keller and spectacular Forward Herman Gilliam, who led the Boilermakers in rebounding for three years although he stood only 6'3". Both were aggressive on defense and fast about, keying King's breakneck running game and setting up Mount while combining for 28.9 points a game themselves.

Last year's sixth man, 6'3" junior Larry Weatherford, will take over Keller's position and by season's end could be even better than Keller. Fast, sharp-shooting and defensively adept, Weatherford combines with Mount to give Purdue what King considers "the best pair of guards in the country."

The coach's optimism ends there because of a mountainous traffic jam of unproved players in the forecourt. Scrappy George Faerber is assured one starting spot and King hopes to match him with 6'7", 230-pound sophomores Bob Ford and William Franklin. Both are strong but they are also slow by recent Purdue standards, a fact that could force King to grow down his offense and turn to a triple-post pattern, thus putting all three of his bulky frontcourt men near the basket. To keep his sophomores out of foul trouble, King will relax his premeasuring defense, perhaps even switching to a zone. Fouls are a most serious problem with Franklin, who had a lot of them as a freshman but who is regarded by some who have watched him as an unsat gem who could polish into another Wenzley Unseld. For added speed, King can turn to springy, sprinting Tyrone Bedford and, for more height, to 6'10" Jerry Johnson.

No matter who plays up front, Mount will do most of the shooting, a situation that is likely to make him rich enough to buy his little family all the steak they want after the season ends and to insure that he and the Boilermakers will never be reduced to eating crow.

# 5

## DUQUESNE

Up on The Bluff overlooking beautiful downtown Pittsburgh (and the rollicking Civic Arena) sits Duquesne University of the Holy Ghost, founded in 1878. The name comes from the Marquis de Duquesne, who had the first mass said in Pittsburgh, but the basketball team had a better sense of affiliation than of history. It is nicknamed the Dukes, not the Marquises or even the Ghosts. The Dukes are famous for guards—Dave Ricketts, Shugo Green, Willie Somerset were some of the best who played their college basketball there—and this season they have another fine one, Billy (Zip) Zopf, a little lefty who steals passes, feeds his teammates, scores points, earns almost straight A's and hopes to be a Rhodes Scholar after he graduates. He not only can see the Monongahela River from up on The Bluff, he can pronounce it.

"Red Auerbach likes the way he handles himself," says Coach Red Manning. "Billy is just one of the best backcourt men ever at this school, and that covers a lot of good ones. For defense and inspiration, he has no peer."

Yet this team, which finished with a 23-3 record last season and lost by one point to North Carolina in the semifinals of the NCAA East Regional, may have a guard even better than Zopf. He is Jurrett Durham, a slender, 6'5" shooter who led the Dukes in scoring (17.4) as a sophomore and did a fine job holding down elusive Charlie Scott in the second half of the Carolina game. Durham can play in the frontcourt, too, but it is doubtful that Manning needs any help there.

For body contact under the hoop, for instance, there are the 6'10" Nelson twins, 240-pound Garry and 235-pound Barry, who will never be mistaken for ballet dancers. Garry has the bulkier build and the better shooting eye. Barry is the more agile, and the two in tandem are an awesome sight indeed. It is another measure of the Dukes' depth, however, that one of the two probably will not start. The forward most likely to break up the twins is Mickey Davis, a distant cousin of Zopf's, who averaged 27.8 points a game for the freshmen last season. Davis is unselfish and so good a passer and ball-handler at 6'6" that he could play backcourt were there any room there. If Davis is not up front, then JC transfer Perry Johnson, 6'4" younger brother of the Baltimore Bullets' Gus Johnson, will be. He is an excellent jump-shooter.

With a traditional respect for defense and four or five good subs waiting on the bench, the Dukes look like the best team in the East—maybe in the nation. Perhaps they did not go far enough when they upgraded themselves from marquises.

# 6

## DAVIDSON

The winds of change have blown through Davidson, N. C., although life in that tiny intellectual haven seems normal enough. The Anchor Grill, which boasts a pie-ball machine as well as the world's greatest cheeseburgers, is still there. So is Hattie's, the largest Radwetter distributor in the area. And the basketball team will approach but probably not improve upon its splendid 27-3 record of last season. Still, Lefty Driscoll has gone to Maryland and 27-year-old Terry Holland, the first athlete recruited by Driscoll in 1961, is now the head coach—and that is a very big change.

Team practices, once rigorous exercises in personal basketball Driscoll style, are fun now. They are also open to the public for the first time in a decade, and players like Jerry Kroff, the versatile 6'4" wingman and a fine outside shot, are talking again—naturally to Holland, who always did have rapport with the players when he was Driscoll's assistant.

"Lefty was not the kind of guy you could talk to," says Kroff. "Terry would always understand. He has a lot of patience and I've learned more this year than any other. Practice is far more interesting and less of a drudgery than it was."

The fellow most affected by the coaching switch is All-America Mike Maley, probably the quickest 6'7" athlete in the country. To stay eligible this winter Maley, who rarely could get himself up for the lesser games and only occasionally was seen inside a classroom under Driscoll, needed an A and a B in two summer courses. He responded with A in political science and B-plus in philosophy, and now he has even agreed to stick to training rules. Holland will use Maley, whom he calls "the Meegoose," and strong Doug Cook in a double post. The combination should be hard to stop. Maley's inside moves are as cagey as ever and his outside range has increased to 20 feet.

As under Driscoll, Davidson will free-lance on offense, run plenty and play defense man-for-man. Holland's only problem are picking a second wingman and finding a playmaker to replace talented Dave Moser. If Bryan Adrian, a cocky 6'3" sophomore, does not provide the leadership Holland seeks, the burden may fall on veterans Ronnie Stelzer or Fox DeMoisey. Up front, though, things are so delightful that 6'8" sophomores Eric Minkin—an 18-point, 14-rebound man for a 17-2 freshman squad—will be strictly relief. Everybody knows the Wildcats will breeze through a weak Southern Conference but, as PR Director Emil Parker says, "If Minkin can force either Maley or Cook to a wing position, we'll win the national championship—easy." They could, if Holland and his boys keep talking.

continued

# 7

## KENTUCKY

On the night of July 31 a car ran off Interstate 64 near Simpsonville, Ky., and rammed into a telephone pole. The driver was Mike Casey, the University of Kentucky's brilliant senior guard, and his left leg was shattered in three places. The mangled limb would have to stay in a cast until early December, the doctors said, then it would be many weeks, maybe even months, before Casey could run and jump the way he always had. The mathematics were clear: Casey would miss his senior season, and the Wildcats' national championship hopes, once rosy, were thrown into serious doubt. "Our prospects looked much better than in '51 or '58," says Kentucky's Adolph Rupp. "But now we will have a big fight to even get out of the conference."

Casey was the ideal Kentucky guard: aggressive, quick, rangy, deadly. The Wildcats' leading scorer as a sophomore, his shooting fell off slightly last season as Kentucky began working more around his roommate and fraternity brother, 6'8" Center Dan Issel. Yet Casey still managed to average more than 19 points while setting a school assist record (129), mostly on feeds to Issel. "Hell, when you lose a Ty Cobb, you don't replace him," says Rupp.

Kentucky graduated only one senior from last year's 23-5 team, but he was also a guard, Phil Augmon, leaving Rupp both backcourt spots to fill before the first game against West Virginia this week. Two junior lettermen remain, 6'2" Terry Mills and 6'2" Bob McCowan, but Rupp is more enthusiastic about 6'3" Kent Hollibaek, a sophomore from Knoxville, Tenn., who averaged 20 points for the freshmen team and was said to have as much potential as any Kentucky guard since Frank Ramsey.

Elsewhere, Kentucky is set. One forward belongs to 6'4" senior Mike Pratt, and the other will be manned alternately by 6'3" junior Larry Steele ("He's much quicker," says Rupp), 6'6" sophomore Tom Parker and 6'8" sophomore Randy Noll ("In practice, he got a sound and basket and went to work," says Rupp). And at center there is Issel, who not only scores (his 26.7 average was a school record) but rebounds well enough to give Kentucky its usual fierce fast break.

Having already won more games than any coach in history (810), Rupp's main ambition now is to win his fifth NCAA title, which would tie him with UCLA's John Wooden. Now 68, he is supposed to retire after next season, but with 7' Thomas Payne, his first black, in the freshman class, Rupp is talking as though he may go on forever. "I haven't heard any of that retirement talk around here," he says. "I'm certainly not looking to get out."

# 8

## COLORADO

Because California has been slowly disappearing into the sea over the past few years, all kinds of *apocryphal* hippies have packed up, moved out and settled in on Boulder, Colo. Probably they figured that any place called "The Rock" was too solid to go under.

The hippies should have been warned that Boulder is never dry on visions. Basketball teams long have complained about their journeys there. The ferocity of home crowds is excused only by their wrath when powder snow is missing on the mountains. The limitations of the field house are important only if you are not used to playing in a box. And the altitude makes the air tight, particularly for foreigners. If all this wasn't hard enough on visiting teams, last summer the university installed a Tartan floor in the old gym—producing a haunting, almost silent "thud, thud" sound for footsteps and dribbles—so that now in Boulder you not only can't breathe, you can't hear.

Last season Colorado did not lose a game at home on the way to a 23-7 record (best in school history) and its first Big Eight championship in six years. They got that good when Coach Sox Walworth turned up the sleeper of the year in 6'8" Cliff Meely. He emerged from Northwestern JC in Sterling, Colo., to lead the league in scoring and earn its most-valuable-player award. A remarkably versatile athlete who plays both ends of the court and can start, finish and center the break equally well, Meely has two more years at Boulder where he will serve admirably as any of three positions.

However, Colorado is not a one-man team. Guard Gordon Tope is a fragile-looking 5'11", but he was All-Conference as a junior and his deft left-handed passes are the perfect complement to the Buffaloes' dazzling team speed. Returning at the other guard is Dudley Mitchell, a 6'3" shooter who also plays corner field on the baseball team, reminding people of his father Dale, the old Cleveland Indian. Freddie Shell, a high school teammate of Meely's in Chicago, adds depth to the backcourt.

Up front are Mike Coleman and Tim Wedgeworth, both experienced and both 6'5", but one of them will probably have to move over for sophomore Jim Creighton, two inches taller, who has moves and savvy underneath. Some opposing coaches say Colorado will be better without 7'2" Ron Smith, who transferred this fall to Wichita State. But the Buffs were 15-3 last season with Smith and only 6-4 after he became ineligible and Meely had to move into the pivot. Now Creighton may play a lot there so Meely can go outside again. Colorado is fortunate to have a Cliff who can play anywhere on The Rock.

CONTINUED

# This is a love story.

The year was 1948.

In a rented building outside of Stuttgart, Germany, an old man, his son and a dozen workers began building an automobile.

After a lifetime of designing cars for other people, this one would be the first to bear his name.

Three years later Professor Ferdinand Porsche was dead. But

he'd left behind, in his son, the determination to build great cars.

Today, Porsches are still made in Stuttgart. And Porsches are still made by Porsches.

Ferry, the son who worked on the 1948 car with his father, works on the 1990 cars with his sons.

Butzi, who designs them. Peter, who's in charge of production.


And Wolfgang, who'll learn the business from the bottom up.

The generations have changed. And so have the cars. But one thing has stayed the same.

The love that went into the first Porsche over 75 years ago goes into every Porsche that's made today.

**PORSCHE**





One man.  
A young one.  
With one vote to cast.  
One life to live.  
It will be what he makes it.  
For he is an individual.  
We grew as large as we are  
by recognizing that fact.



Northwestern Mutual Life—Milwaukee. World's largest company  
specializing in individual life insurance.

# 9

## FLORIDA STATE

Florida State Coach Hugh Durham does not smoke, drink or get rated. He is the best badminton player in Florida but cannot play in the state tournament because of recruiting trips. He had the finest team in FSU history last season but could not go anywhere because the school was on NCAA probation. In the three years he has been head coach at Tallahassee, in fact, the most news coverage his Seminoles have received came last season when one of their games was called off. State was leading South Carolina 87-76 with 1:57 to go when USC's Frank McGuire and the referees disagreed and—just like that—the game was over. Just like that, Florida State had come of age.

Now, Durham believes, his team can stir up interest by itself. "This is the fastest team in the history of the South," he says. "and Dave Cowens is the most underestimated player in the country." For two years Cowens has been a better kept secret than cypripates. A sandy-haired, 6'10" lefty out of Newport, Ky., he joined the varsity and singlehandedly turned a team that was 11-15 the previous year into a 19-8 winner. Cowens was the eighth best rebounder in the land as a sophomore and sixth best last year when the Seminoles beat three Top 20 teams and finished 18-8. Because of some outstanding sophomores and junior college help, he will switch from the baseline to a high post. His range has improved, but it is quickness and mobility that make him special. Cowens also is that rarest of birds, a white star on a predominantly black team. Durham plans to start four blacks with him this time; Tallahassee fans already call the team "the housed flash."

Florida State lost only one starter but the newcomers are so good that they have taken over three jobs. In Durham's 1-3-1 offense sophomores Rowland Garrett, 6'6", and Ron Harris, 6'4", play the wings with Vernell Elzy, a 6'4" gazelle from Seminole JC, moving into the low post. Garrett broke all of Cowens' freshman scoring records last year while Harris, less spectacular on attack, is probably the best defensive player. Senior Randy Cable has shooting range and will come in against cones. Back for his second year as Florida State's quarterback is Skip Young, who was thrust into the point position by default last season and, after a period of uneasiness, finally began passing the ball.

Durham has a stronger bench this year and hopefully his team can avoid the strange pits it fell into last season—losses to lightweights like Kent State, Rice and Georgia Tech. Recently his 9-year-old son made 952 layups out on the backyard hoop. He was going for 1,000 straight, but he didn't get there. Hugh Durham, going just as hard for the national rankings, should.

# 10

## NORTH CAROLINA

Dan Smith is a lateef Marine drill instructor. After putting his players through a grueling two hours of practice, the Tar Heel coach stops purporting them and makes them run enough wind sprints to wear out a mechanical rabbit. They sprint a quarter length of the court, touch fingers to the floor and sprint back, then sprint to halfcourt and back, three-fourths of the way and back, the full length and back. They do this over and over, until their tongues are dragging on the floor—all but Charlie Scott's, that is. During one preseason session, he finished half a court length ahead of everybody else, barely puffing.

After two regional championships and an Olympic Games gold medal, Scott is back for his senior season at Chapel Hill, and it should be fun because he is one of the best all-round players in the country. As a junior at forward and guard, he averaged 22.3 points a game, scored 40 points against Duke in the ACC tournament title game and 32 more and the winning basket against Davidson in the East final. Then he stopped into a telephone booth for a quick charge and came out a damn fat student.

It is of some comfort to Coach Smith that, in tight situations, he can order his other people out of the way and let Scott go on his own, but the preferred, calmer style at North Carolina is a tough man-to-man defense, intelligent shot selection and tall rebounders. The important man is Scott's supporting cast of characters is 6'10" junior Center Lee Dedmon. According to Smith, he must develop into the Atlantic Coast Conference's best pivotman if the Tar Heels are to retain their title. The problems are that North Carolina lost starting Guard Dick Grieser, 6'10" Center Rusty Clark and 6'8" Forward Bill Bunting, and Dedmon, who was not discovered by his Baltimore high school coach until his junior year, has had a great deal of catching up to do.

Fortunately, Smith and his smooth assistants have their usual abundance of replacements on hand. The sophomores this time are 6'5" Dennis Wajcik and 6'2" Steve Previs from Pennsylvania, and 6'6" Bill Chamberlain, a quick and talented player from Long Island. All three were rabidly chased by top schools, and all three could start.

Which puts it up to Scott. Because of the team's inexperience, Scott will have to keep his mind off his promising future in pro basketball, law school and politics and concentrate on beating South Carolina and Duke. "It brings on a challenge," he says. "I'm just hoping we can jell." If they do not, Scott will take the ball. Anytime he goes one-on-five, Tar Heel chances are good.

CONTINUED

# 11

## VILLANOVA

Nine years ago when the head basketball coaching position at Villanova opened up, the wife of the coach at suburban Malvern Prep egged her husband into applying for the job even though Philadelphia newspapers had already conceded it to a number of big-time coaches. Two weeks later Jack Kraft was called out of a PTA meeting at Malvern to attend a midnight interview on the Villanova campus and three hours after that Villanova offered him one of the genuine plums among college coaching jobs. "I was dumbfounded," Kraft remembers. "I didn't hesitate, though. I knew I wanted the job and I accepted right then."

In the years since, Kraft, a chunky, gray crew-cut man with the looks but not the disposition of a Marine DI, has never failed to dumbfound the opposition with his harassing "ball" defense and the ability to tailor an offense to his players. Not one of his teams has ever missed receiving a postseason bid to either the NCAA or NIT tournaments, and this year's Wildcats are just as good, perhaps better, than any of the others.

Kraft will continue to use his rigorous defense, but the offense, which has been slow-paced the past three years, will be as geared up as it was when Kraft first came to Villanova and Wally Jones engineered the attack. Key to the Wildcats' running game will be 6'8" junior Howard Porter, who led his nationally ranked team in both scoring (22.4 points a game) and rebounding in 1988-89. "Howard had the best sophomore year of any big man I've ever had," says Kraft, "and if precision drills are any indication, he is better now. Particularly in driving to the basket." That is a frightening prospect for opponents who saw him rip off rebounds and aro in 23-foot jumpers a year ago.

While speedy, springy 6'6" Sam Sims or bulky sophomore Hank Semickowski play center and help Porter with rebounding, senior Guard Fran O'Hanlon will quarterback the offense and defense from the point. O'Hanlon, an adept ball handler who looks about half of his 21 years, wears a moppet haircut and is the darling of the Main Line Catholic high school girls, is fast, but no more so than 6'5" sophomore Guard Chris Ford, or 6'5" Forward Clarence Smith. With that trio burning down the court, Kraft will have all the speed he needs to work his revved-up offense, especially since O'Hanlon and Ford are also excellent passers. Still, the coach is not entirely satisfied. "I'd like Howard to fill one of the lines on the fast break to take advantage of his shot and to get the rebound in case we miss," he says. Since Villanova's only weakness is height, Porter may be too busy rebounding to run, but nobody will be stunned if he finds a way to do that, too.

# 12

## DUKE

Vic Bubas, coach at Duke the last 10 seasons and developer of such fine players as Art Heyman, Jeff Mullins and Jack Marin, has left the job to do public relations work for the university. His old office down at the end of Championship Hall is now occupied by Raymond (Bucky) Waters and these days Duke Indoor Stadium is ringing with Buckjams. To a tired dribbler: "That's a route Mary Poppins might take!" To an elbow-sky forward: "That's for conscientious objectors out there, not rebounders!"

Breezy Bucky, who was Bubas' assistant before moving to West Virginia as head coach four years ago, thinks basketball is "a man's game; there's got to be some slammng in there." To him there are no backcourt or frontcourt men. They are just the "little people" and the "studs."

One of the little people, 5'10" junior Guard Dick DeVenzio, is amused by his coach's way with words and is recording the most graphic of them in a diary he is keeping of the season. It should make good reading in March after Duke has warred with Dayton, West Virginia and Davidson in addition to all the tough teams of the Atlantic Coast Conference. Waters probably will use a double-post offense with DeVenzio at the point. The Blue Devils need the little lefty's quickness and playmaking, so they work hard in practice at protecting him on defense, avoiding switches that would force him into guarding a big opponent.

Duke does not have too many good little people behind DeVenzio, but the studs are plentiful. Junior Randy Denion, who has, says Bucky, "the finest physical potential of any center I've had the pleasure of working with," is 6'10", 240 and "can run with the guards, but he needs a tougher mental attitude. He won't walk on the floor as a destroyer." Denion averaged 17.4 points a game last season but was inconsistent, as was the whole sophomore-dominated team (8-6 in league, 15-13 overall). His chief rebounding help should come from 6'6" sophomore Don Blackman, out of Brooklyn, who is not much of a shooter but the kind of man who would snatch a honeycomb from a grizzly bear.

Best shooter on the team is 6'7" Rick Katherman, a junior from Massachusetts. He will play one wing, opposite 6'3" junior Brad Evans, a strong, skilled driver who was a high-school All-America quarterback. Chief backup stud—actually a stringbean—is 6'9" Larry Saunders, a transfer from Northwestern who can rebound.

Duke is obviously good, yet good gets only third or fourth place in the ACC. Waters will have to talk up a storm if he wants to make DeVenzio's diary a drama with a happy ending.



# 13

## WEBER STATE

While Coach Phil Johnson of Weber State was recruiting 6'5" Forward Kent Ross, who broke all scoring records at Coe College in Arizona, and Forward-Guard Bill Orr, who was New York all-city and averaged 28.5 points at Iowa Central, he rattled them both. "I just don't know if you have the basic equipment to measure up to what you'd be replacing," he told Orr, shaking his head.

"What's that?" asked Orr.

"No," Johnson said mournfully, "how can a guy named Bill Orr ever replace a Jesus Thigpen?"

Thigpen will be hard to top, all right, particularly since he scored 22.6 points per game. So will Weber's record last year: 15-0 in the Big Sky Conference, 27-1 overall and third place in the NCAA Far West Regional. And the Wildcats from the Wasatch also lost some tall, mucky forwards. But Willie Sojourner and Sessions Hurlan are back in the rack. Since 6'8" Sojourner and peppery Sessions are two of the most exciting, game-breaking ballplayers in the country, Johnson need not throw himself under a streetcar.

"That Sesh," he says admiringly. "He gets psyched way up for practice. He's so high the first two plays, I think if I told him anything, he'd faint."

Team Captain Sessions can jump three to four feet off the floor and also execute such fancy drives that his one weakness may be a tendency to bypass the easy shot. He is also one of the best nerve-ravaging defensive guards in the nation. With his jokes, his Motown accent, his porkpie hat and his direct, engaging manner, Sessions is also that imponderable asset: a strong unifying influence. "I hate to seem like an authority figure," he says, worriedly. "If someone is slow, I'll just say, 'Man, let's get this play over.'"

Laccolic, sly-witted Sojourner has an opposite, calming effect. "Except sometimes he really gets turned on when we keep hitting him," a Weber States says. "Then he just won't quit scoring."

Although Orr needs more rear on defense and Ross a little more on rebounding, they are of the Sojourner-Sessions stripe. Johnson hopes to use Orr at guard for his excellent ball handling, driving and passing. If Orr must be moved to forward, strong two-year letterman Rich Nielsen will play guard. Dave Backowitz, a street fighter of a forward, seems to lead smooth-shooting Jon Knoble for the fifth starting spot.

"We have seven great ballplayers," says one observer. "If one of the key men doesn't get hurt, if at least one newcomer gets good and if the Wildcats can pad past Arizona State, Arizona and Seattle in December, Weber will be something." It will be.

# 14

## MARQUETTE

In a year when all of Milwaukee is celebrating the 100th anniversary of his discovery of the area, Notre Marquette's basketball team has come prepared. Last month three other fellow travelers, Messrs. Armstrong, Aldrie and Collins, were presented with replicas of the Marquette warmup uniforms. In turn, the team will wear Apollo 11 patches on their warmup jerseys. "Well, it's a crazy scheme," says Al McGuire, the marvelously inquisitive coach. "But they're legitimate heroes and we wanted to get on the bandwagon."

This week the Warriors start taking their own giant leaps. Again McGuire will have no starter over 6'6" and again he will probably win 20 games against a schedule made up predominantly of moonshiners, using rough defenses and a collection of springers who use wooden courts like trampolines. "If a man's nose bleeds, you know he's trying," McGuire says.

The best of his bleeders, George Thompson, is gone, but the other two starters up front return: Joe Thomas and Ulrich (Ruck) Cobb, both 6'5", who averaged 20 points and 19 rebounds between them last year. Thomas is stronger than Thompson was and can take up some of the scoring slack, but the good-looking Cobb, who is called "Vator Man, because he delivers himself three floors above the backboard, has to get off the elevator when it comes time to shoot. Stepping into the other forward position will be transfer Gary Brel, a native of Germany who is still adjusting from soccer to basketball but is aggressive in the pivot and an improvement defensively over Thompson.

The backcourt is three-man solid with veterans Jeff Sewell, Jack Burke and Dean Mensinger. The two married men, Sewell and Burke, are fast and shoot well from the perimeters, but it is Mensinger who will make it all go for the Warriors. Only six feet tall, he will run the fast break, go to the boards, feed off with flair, and, best of all, operate inside where he is—as Jimmy Clanton used to sing—just a dream. "Last year we had the wraps on him," says McGuire, "but he'll pave the driveway for us now. Dean the Dream is my star."

McGuire has two sophomores, Guy Lam and Terry McQuade, to help out when the starters get in foul trouble. Ironically, small Marquette add-on is hurt by big men. Only Bob Lanier of St. Bonaventure beat them badly last season, and that was in Madison Square Garden after the New York-bred Warriors had celebrated their return with one of the legendary nights in Gotham history.

"My guys were frothing at the mouth. I'm never going east again," says McGuire. He won't have to. Marquette looks like an NCAA tournament team again.

CONTINUED

# 15

## SANTA CLARA

When a coach has a Dennis Awrey, a 6'10" center who averages 23.3 points a game, 13.3 rebounds and who never needs a tutor because he is an academic All-America, there is a tendency sometimes to take him for granted. Or to forget that the opposing centers are pretty good, too. In the West Regional last season Santa Clara's Awrey shot well in a very close game against Weber State and baffled Weber's Willard Sejourner even all the way. The Broncos barely won (only to be humiliated in the finals by UCLA's press), but Coach Dick Garibaldi and Assistant Carroll Williams were disappointed in their center's performance.

"We were a little mad," says Garibaldi. "Then the Weber State coach came up to us and said it was the greatest defensive job done that year on Sejourner."

Awrey is probably the finest player Santa Clara has ever had, better than Ken Sears or Bud Ogden, and he should improve a great deal this year because every day in practice he will be going against a most promising redshirt, 6'9½" Mike Stewart, who is being held out a year because, the coach says, "He's a mediocre forward and could be a great center." Certainly he was not going to beat out Awrey this campaign.

Awrey has a seasoned team around him, 6'5" Forward Ralph Ogden (16.1 points a game as a junior) and Guards Terry O'Brien, Kevin Eagleton and Keith Paulson, all seniors. The most serious loss was Ralph's older brother, Bud, an All-America and first-round draft choice of the Philadelphia 76ers. His vacated forward spot probably will be shared by a strong 6'5" senior, Bob Tobin, and two sophomores, 6'7" Matt (short for Martin) Peterson, who lacks aggressiveness, and 6'4" Bruce Boche, often too aggressive. Boche has a soft jump shot and, away from basketball, real ability as a first baseman and outfielder.

The Broncos' three senior guards are stern competitors and Garibaldi insists he has confidence in them despite the UCLA debacle, when they had a terrible time getting the ball across half-court. However, a sophomore named Jolly Spight could jolly well become a starting guard if he can avoid the aching legs and pulled groin muscles that have plagued him.

When the Broncos were riding high in the polls last season, some in the East and South made fun—justifiable at times—of their schedule. Davidson fans were the biggest hooters, forgetting that their own Southern Conference, without West Virginia, was not exactly the NBA. Anyway, Santa Clara and Dennis Awrey have a 50-6 record for the last two years, second only to UCLA, and that would look pretty good even in the Oklahoma Collegiate Conference.

# 16

## ST. BONAVENTURE

St. Bonaventure University lies in the Allegheny foothills some 70 miles southeast of Buffalo. Its campus, a collection of brick buildings and neat lawns, borders the Allegheny River and Olean, a city where the downtown center is protected against speeders and would-be bank robbers by TV cameras. To the private Catholic school's 2,500 students, whose vision of a big time in Olean is sloshing through a new foot of snow, this seems an obvious case of overkill. Reflecting on St. Bonaventure's quiet atmosphere, Dean of Men Father Ger-vase has said, "If it weren't for basketball, the students would tear the place apart." This is only a slight exaggeration. If it weren't for basketball and a campus beer parlor, they would split en masse for Buffalo or Rochester or Canada.

Fortunately, there is enough good basketball to keep the student body home—for instance, the '68 team that went 22-0 in the regular season and received a congratulatory telegram from President Johnson, or last year's squad that had incentive to go 17-7 despite a last-minute one-year NCAA probation. The star of these teams, Center Bob Lanier, is a senior now, and when students gather at the Rathskeller they tell of the time Lanier stood guard while a teammate removed Coach Larry Weiss's shorts from his locker. After practice Lanier was summoned by the stark-naked Weiss. "Why did you do that, Bobby?" the coach asked his 6'11", 265-pound athlete. Bobby, indeed.

The most startling thing about Big Bob Lanier is the length of his feet. He wears size 20 shoes and it took Converse three tries before the company could make sneakers to fit him. One pair is displayed in the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass. As the joke goes, Lanier's feet arrive on court at 8:25, Lanier at 8:30. Lanier is so agile and talented he is expected, along with Pete Maravich, to be the pro's favorite choice next spring.

This season Lanier has several strong outside shooters to keep opponents from double- and triple-teaming him. Sophomore Matt Gantt, 6'5", is an excellent shooter, and Bubba Gary, the other forward, will help Lanier with rebounds. Paul Hoffman, another sophomore, and Mike Kull are quick and will share one guard position. Billy Kalbaugh, Lanier's roommate, begins his third year as court general, at which he has become adept. The bench, thanks largely to versatile Dale Tepas, has depth. Only if Lanier gets injured will the Bonnies be in trouble. They are without a second big man. "Around here we don't think about that," Weiss says, hoping, no doubt, to keep Lanier and the students in Olean all winter.

# 17 LOUISVILLE

One night just a year ago Coach John Dromo was sitting all alone at the press table, his warthy brow knitted into the puzzled frown of a man who did not know whether to laugh or cry. Out there on the floor in Freedom Hall his varsity team was stumbling its sorry way to a 107-90 loss to the freshmen, of all people. It was not until season's end that Dromo knew for sure that he should have been laughing uproariously. By then his varsity had tied for the Missouri Valley championship and run up a 21-6 record. The lesson of that season debacle was obvious: his varsity was good enough but, brother, just wait till next year. "Potentially, we're better than we were last year," understated Dromo as practice began this fall. "This is going to be an exciting bunch of kids to watch."

Not since the early days of the Westley Unsold-Bunch Beard teams has basketball excitement been so high in Louisville. The fans were talking about winning the NCAA championship with such earnestness that even a natural optimist like Dromo felt compelled to temper the enthusiasm. "Look, our problem is that we've got four great individual sophomores," he said, "but it's tough trying to harness them into a team. It's like the paratrooper going out the plane door for the first time. He wanted to know what would happen if his chute didn't open and his instructor said, 'I would say you're jumping to a conclusion, son.' Well, that's exactly what our fans are doing with these kids. Thank God we've got Grosso."

Grosso's first name is Mike and he is the only starter returning. At 6' 9" and 235 pounds, he was the leading rebounder last year despite a torn right knee and now, with the knee mended or less worrisome, he should become a Louisville center in the Unsold-Charlie Tyrone mold. "He's unselfish like Wes and Charlie—he'd rather score 3 and win than get 25 and lose," says Dromo. "He's the cement that can hold us together."

As for the sophomores, 6' 9" Forward Al Vilcheck is expected to help Grosso get plenty of rebounds, while 6' 8" Guard Larry Carter is regarded as the Cardinals' best shooter in years. The other guard, 6' 2" Jim Price, is as smooth and gifted all-around as Beard, but the best athlete of all may be 6' 3" Forward Henry Bacon, a homegrown high school All-America who "pound for pound is the best player in America," is Dromo's opinion.

The Cardinals will be tested early on, playing Florida and Florida State in back-to-back road games Dec. 20 and 22. "Those two games are it," says Dromo. "If we win them, we know we'll be loaded." Get with it, John—the fans know it already.

# 18 USC

When Bob Boyd arrived to begin the transmutation of USC basketball three years ago, Lew Alcinder started its varsity eligibility at UCLA. While Alcinder and the Bruins packed in the crowds at their Pauley Pavilion, a lecture on medieval art could have outdrawn the Trojans on some of those same nights. Now, suddenly, USC has sold more season tickets than it ever has, and the Sports Arena on game nights will be something more than a nice place to do homework.

One reason for the new interest is USC's 46-44 upset of UCLA on the Bruins' own floor last season, but more important is the presence of the most talented group of sophomores in the school's history. These five had a 19-0 record as freshmen and each one averaged in double figures while making better than 50% of his shots. To give them some competition Boyd has two good junior lettermen and, for whipped cream, three fellows from Phoenix JC who played together on a two-time state championship high school team in Newark.

"There is more potential here than in any group I've coached at USC," says Boyd, "but it's also the most inexperienced team I will have coached. Just say I have guarded optimism."

His novices should learn quickly with a December and early January schedule that includes Florida State, St. John's, Vanderbilt, Colorado, LSU, Houston and the Far West Classic in Portland, Ore. Then comes the Pacific Eight, which "may well be the top basketball conference in the country this year," Boyd says.

Sophomores could wilt under pressure like that, but 6' 4" Guard Paul Westphal is likely to bloom. He scored 1,042 points in 31 games his senior year in high school, and now back player who saw him in pickup games last summer reported to his coach, "That Westphal is great even if he is white."

The other backcourt starter will be either junior Dana Fagatz or Dennis (Mo) Layton, one of the Newark products and a JC All-America. A fourth guard, 6' 5" Monroe Nash, might be red-shirted. Best shooter on the team is 6' 6" sophomore Forward Joe Mackey from Arizona, who has done 6' 10" in the high jump. Junior Forward Don Crenshaw, 6' 4", scored 20 points in the UCLA upset and perhaps can pass on some of his rebounding ability to Mackey, who is not aggressive enough. Center will be 6' 8" Ron Riley or 6' 10" Bill Taylor, both off that freshman team. The Trojans are so deep in the frontcourt that Jerseyites George Wainane and Larry Cobb are not likely to be starters.

USC has won more national championships in more sports than any other school but never one in basketball. Maybe that day is coming.

## 19 UTAH

Disaster has coursed Utah's new 15,000-seat special-events arena almost from the moment the \$10.5 million athletic complex was started 2½ years ago. Once, construction was halted when three workers fell to their deaths off a scaffold. Later, glaziers went on strike for four months. Finally, just a few days after practice for the 1989-90 season began in October, a pipe in the women's rest room self-destructed and water flooded down through the aisles and wrecked the court. If all this wasn't hardship enough, on the same day the floor snapped, so did star Forward Kenny Gardner's knee. The floor is retrievable—the arena should be ready for opening night—the lives are not, and Gardner (no relation to Coach Jack Gardner) will have trouble finding a new knee.

"I didn't dare go to the arena the next day," says the coach, who popularized the drinking of milk during games to silence critics. "I could have filled it again . . . with tears. We may have had a basketball court and a season washed away in 24 hours."

Not quite. Two weeks after Gardner's accident in a one-on-one drill, he was back running hard in practice scrimmages and attempting to rehabilitate his knee as quickly as possible. If it heals properly, he conceivably can play as well as he did last year, when he was one of three sophomores who came out of nowhere to make the Runnin' Redskins a potent force in the West all season long. Mike Newlin, a 6'4" guard with the body of Adonis, led the Western Athletic Conference in scoring with a 24-point average and was Player of the Year; 6'10" Jim Mahler, out of Sandy, Utah, improved rapidly and used brawn, if not quickness, to become an adequate post man. Gardner himself, Utah's most complete player, scored, played defense and led the league in rebounding up to the final two games—yeoman work considering he is only 6'4".

Bob Martin, a stockily built playmaker, returns in backcourt alongside Newlin, but there is not much help for them on the bench. In the corners, Walt Hawkins is only 6'3", but his jumping ability puts him ahead of two taller and stronger men, Early (Peaches) Lanier and Ken Reynolds. Later, a football player, still is not as solid as Reynolds. Both will play a lot if Gardner's knee does not come around.

Coach Gardner has an early season schedule to envy—11 of his first 12 games are in the new arena. His most important early game, however, is the guessing kind: whether to play the Namath-kneed Gardner this season or red-shirt him. The Fox, as the coach is called, may need more than milk while he ponders that one.

## 20 WESTERN KENTUCKY

The facts around Western Kentucky University last season were almost as red as those towels everybody waves during games in Diddle Arena. The Hillhoppers simply flopped, embarrassingly so, in what was supposed to have been a superseason. The final record was 16-16, barely good enough for third place in the Ohio Valley, a tough little conference that Western was favored to stick into its hip pocket. "Our fans have expressed to the players and the coaching staff their disappointment in our season," said Coach Johnny Oldham, with massive understatement. "This year we're working on this thing called togetherness."

With four sophomores starting most of the time, some Western purists were inclined to attribute last season's problems to "sophomonia," a view that is slightly naive. Western had the physical ability—nobody came up with a better sophomore center than 7-foot Jim McDaniels—but, as Oldham suggests, the Hillhoppers' demise was due to a sort of spiritual and mental malaise that spread rapidly and then fatally at season's end, when Western lost its last three games. A lack of on-court leadership begat a lack of team play that in turn begat virtual anarchy on the floor. So Oldham closed most of Western's practices this fall and the coaches began trying to restore order.

The catalyst may be 6'8" sophomore Guard Danny Johnson, who averaged 19.7 points for the freshmen but has impressed Oldham more with his passing and ball handling. "We believe he will sort of take command," said Oldham, "because he's the kind of kid who would rather make an assist than a basket—and that's certainly what we need." Western definitely is not looking for shooters, beginning with McDaniels, a giant who prefers scoring from the key to going underneath. He averaged 24.8 points a game as a sophomore, and although Oldham says "he had a fine season," the coach would be happier if McDaniels were more aggressive rebounding and on defense. McDaniels upped his weight 12 pounds over the summer to 220 and will play a high post this season, with 6'8" senior Wayne Bright on a low post, 6'3" junior Jerome Perry on the wing and 6'3" junior Jim Rose in the back court with Johnson. The team's best rebounder may be 6'8" junior Clarence Glover, but he will be only the No. 6 man until he learns to shoot.

The Hillhoppers should find out a lot about themselves on Dec. 15, when they play Duquesne in Pittsburgh. "If we can pull ourselves together, this should be our year, because usually you get your best year out of juniors," says Oldham. If that's so, the blush at Western may yet become the pink flush of success.

# FIVE NEW ONES AND THE NEXT BEST

**THE COMERS** In such a wide-open year and with so many good players around, established teams—including some of the Top 20—are capable of slipping entirely out of sight. Pushing them into oblivion will be schools many people have never heard of—or have forgotten all about.

Jacksonville, by its own admission America's tallest team, is an example of the former. It also has America's tallest schedule: trips to Miami, New Orleans and—get this, honeymoon fans—Hawaii and the Virgin Islands. "I don't like to play in small towns," says Coach Joe Williams, a young Jimmy Dean-looking fellow who has two new 7-footers and everybody back from last year's team that led the country in free-throw shooting. The Dolphins will beat a lot of out-of-state people this year if Williams can avoid collisions between 7'3" Artis Gilmore and 7' Postbrooke Burrows III. The two JC transfers both came late to basketball and are unpolished but as Assistant Coach Tom Waudin says, can be a "helluva conversation piece."

Another like Jacksonville is California State at Long Beach, down in the southern part of Los Angeles County where the Queen Mary is anchored and the smog hangs this out. State did not open its doors until 1949 but it already has 28,000 students, eight or 10 of whom happen to be good basketball players. Long Beach hired Jerry Tarkanian, the most successful junior-college coach in the state, and where Tarkanian wanders, blue-chip athletes are sure to follow. The 49ers were 23-3 in Tarkanian's first season, and they have all five starters back plus 6'8½" George Trapp, California's JC player of the year. The big scorer, however, will be 6'7" Sam

Robinson, who averaged 19.7 points a game despite hobbling around on blistered feet. Long Beach plays a weak schedule—"It's tough to get a real good major schedule," says Tarkanian, who does have Houston, Tulsa and San Jose State for starters—but with his depth it is not surprising that he is understopped.

Illinois—remember it?—suffered a slash-fand scandal, NCAA probation and basketball decay. Then two years ago Harv Schmidt, long, lean and gregarious, returned to his alma mater and overcame the recent past with rapidity, capping his Illinois to a tie for second in the Big Ten last season. Presuming Center Greg Jackson is unhindered by an array of problems, Illinois could do better this time, Purdue notwithstanding. Schmidt has hard-working swingman Mike Price, playmaker Rick Hovatt and tough Randy Crews to go along with Jackson, a 6'8", 260-pounder who is hard to stop, especially at dinner time. In July, Jackson ballooned to 292 pounds. He also suffers from curvature of the spine, which benches him occasionally, and a tendency to foul early and often, which benches him more. Since football has become so disadvantaged at Champaign, the only ones rivaling the basketball variety for attention are the basketball freshmen; they may be the best in the land. So this year or next, the Illinois are back.

Over in the Western Athletic Conference, where teams win by 30 points at home and lose by that many away, Arizona, with practically an all-sophomore squad, compiled a 5-5 WAC record last season, losing four games by a total of 11 points. The Wildcats' decrepit Bear Down Gym—so named after a dying student's last words—is, by Coach Bruce Larson's own admission, "the worst in the West," but his team is considerably better than that. Mickey Foster, who is all-league, and Bill Warner are excellent one-on-one shooters at the wings while Eddie Myers, 6'10", and Tom Lee, 6'8", who worked together on the low and high posts as rookies last winter, are both quick and can jump. The Wildcats were beaten up early last year but recovered to win 11 straight. This season they open at UCLA and they will have to bear down.

John Wideman, who gained more renown as a Rhodes Scholar from the University of Pennsylvania than as an all-league basketball player, is a budding novelist and associate professor of English at his old school these days, but he is not taking literary license when he talks about the New team in the Ivy League. "We had some decent teams when I was here," he says, "but they were never, never like this." Penn Coach Dick Harter, after two successful recruiting seasons, has a talented, deep variety that will make Quaker fans forget not only Wideman but a more famous alumnus, Ernie Beck (vintage 1954). Three of Harter's boys—Guards Steve Blisky and Dave Wohl and 6'8" Center Jim Wolf—helped Penn to a close third in the Ivy last winter and they will be joined by six rookies, among them 6'7½" Corky Calhoun, who were 23-0 as freshmen. For years

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Penn has loaned in Paloursa to other Philly teams for use as a home court. Now the warning is out: the landlords are as tough as the tenants.

**MIDWEST** Purdue has installed many of his defensive concepts, UCLA invited him out to lecture on the same subject, and still people sell his team short. Drake Coach Maurice John has lost four starters from a club that surprised everybody by holding the Bruins to a three-point win in last year's NCAA semifinals. But John, an incurable optimist, maintains his Bulldogs will be "dams good" if some talented junior college transfers can blend quickly into his harassing man-to-man defense. "Sure we lost some people but we had three outstanding players behind them as a nucleus and we got five dandies from the junior colleges," says John, adding that this team will also have more offensive potential than any he has had. Semiregular Center Rick Wanasukor, 6' 9", must battle newcomer Tom Bush, a 6' 7" All-America at College of South Idaho, while Bobby Jones, the outstanding player last year at the National JC Tournament for Paducah, Ky., Jeff Halliwell and Carl Sabers look to assume these other spots.

Drake is not the only Missouri Valley school with some potent new faces. Cincinnati has a fluky 6' 7" sophomore named John Fraley, a Middletown, Ohio product who claims he will make everybody forget who Middletown's Jerry Lucas was. He averaged 25.1 for the Bearcat freshmen and joins three returning starters, including 6' 8" all-conference Center Jim Ard and driver and passer Don Ogline.

Along with Illinois, the biggest challenge to Purdue in the Big Ten will come from Ohio State, which will face the favorites only once and at Columbus, where Purdue suffered its only conference loss last season. The Backeyes, producers of seven of the last nine all-conference centers, should have still another in 6' 8" Dave Sorenson, an unassuming fellow whose dark, bushy eyebrows will remind everyone of Lucas. He averaged 23.6 points as a junior, many on soft hook shots, and still has 6' 7" Jim Clemons, who many feel is the Big Ten's most complete guard, to deliver him deft feeds underneath. Iowa, a disappointing 12-12 last season, returns its top five, including three strong shooters in John Johnson, Glenn Vidosevic and Chad Calabrese, and adds a speedy JC guard named Fred Brown. Michigan still has 6' 8" Rudy Tomjanovich, the league's best rebounder (12.8) and second best scorer (25.0), plus a highly regarded sophomore in Lamont King. The rest of the conference should do battle for fifth place, though Michigan State has Ralph Simpson, a sophomore guard whom rival coaches are already planning defenses around.

Noire Dame possibly is the biggest of the Midwest independents—with 6' 8" John Plick at center and 6' 8" Sid Catlett teaming with 6' 7" Collis Jones at forward—but it also has the biggest schedule. Johnny Dee's charges must face UCLA, Kentucky, Villanova, Du-

quesne, Marquette, Kansas and St. John's, plus either South Carolina or New Mexico in the Sugar Bowl Classic. Austin Carr, scaled down to 200 pounds, is capable of improving on his 22-point average of last season and could be a better all-round player.

Dayton, De Paul and Loyola of Chicago are the chief threats to Marquette and Notre Dame among the other independents. Dayton has that familiar May magic—Ken, the younger brother of 1968 All-America Don—plus the tradition of five consecutive 20-victory seasons and a slick new field house. De Paul returns four starters from a 14-11 team, including 6' 7½" Forward Ken Warszynski with a Rick Barry touch. Coach Ray Meyer may also have a big surprise in 6' 8" Paul Pomphus, potentially the school's best pivot since George Milon. Should Loyola, which sagged to 9-15 last year, get rebounding, its starting five could be scoring much as the 1963 national champions did.

Nobody—or maybe everybody—can share optimism in the Big Eight, where the conference race looms as the most balanced in years. Kansas might provide the strongest challenge to Colorado but will also be the least predictable, primarily because conservative Ted Owens is opening things up, probably with three sophomores in the starting lineup. Last year the Jayhawks gladdened downtown like oversized penguins to a 20-7 record. Now Owens has shifted primarily to a two-guard, single-post moving offense and has inserted a man-to-man defense instead of the old 1-3-1 zone. This means that either 6' 9" Dave Robisch, an 18.6 scorer, or 6' 10" Roger Brown will draw the inside role. Stocky Aubrey Nash should supply the ball-handling skill so lacking after Jo Jo White's graduation.

Should Kansas' rookies falter, Iowa State, Nebraska and Missouri are all ready with seasoned clubs. Bill Cain, the conference's top rebounder and second best scorer, is an exceptional jumper for 6' 7" and he leads an Iowa State team that returns all five starters. If 6' 10" sophomore Roger Ahrens can produce too, the Cyclones will have solved their only major problem—lack of height. Nebraska, with most of its scoring punch back, has so much depth that Tom Scamillebury, an 11.5 scorer a year ago, is not counted among the top seven. Missouri has a superb all-round player in Don Tomlinson. It needs only to find a big man.

**SOUTH** It is a mark of the changing times that Kentucky's 12,000-seat Memorial Coliseum, once the showplace of Southeastern Conference basketball, now is only the fifth biggest in the league, and will drop to sixth as soon as LSU complies its 13,000-seat arena. There are new, spacious gyms at Alabama (15,000), Tennessee (13,000), Auburn (13,000), Georgia (10,400) and Ole Miss (8,900), and Vanderbilt recently enlarged its capacity to 15,400. It is a mark of the changing SEC, too, that the arenas will be filled. The conference may have more good acts than any league in the country.

If Kentucky is to be kept from winning its 25th SEC

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LINCOLN-MERCUURY





## BASKETBALL continued

title, the teams to do it should be Vanderbilt and Georgia, with Auburn and Tennessee only a dribble behind. Vandy returns 6'7" junior Forward Thorpe Weber, who averaged 14 as a rookie, and coming up from the freshmen team is 7'4" Steve Turner of Memphis, the tallest man in the league's history. Not even Coach Roy Skinner is quite sure how good or bad Turner will be, but he must have more than size to keep up with the likes of Kentucky's Dan Issel, Georgia's 6'11" Bob Linnard and Tennessee's 6'10" Bobby Croft.

Georgia Coach Ken Roesmond, who played for Frank McGuire on North Carolina's New York 1957 NCAA champs, has opened his own underground railroad to New York City. Now more than half of Georgia's varsity speaks Yankee rather than Southern. Most prominent of these interlopers is Linnard, the giant out of the Bronx whose junior statistics included a 23.8 scoring average, 15.8 rebounds (11th nationally) and a 58.2 shooting percentage (sixth). Linnard is so quick that Roesmond will also use him at forward this season, with either 5'8" sophomore Randy Matland or 6'8" senior Cort Nagle from Long Island moving into the pivot. At guard is 6'6" Barry Cohen of Brooklyn, scholastically ineligible last season. "We lost six games in the last 90 seconds of overtime last year," says Roesmond. "Cohen could have made the difference in each of those."

Auburn, making the transition from its famous shuffle to a running game, again will play around 6'5" junior John Meagaddi, who averaged 19.4 last year, but the Tigers at usual will suffer from lack of size. Up from the freshmen team is Henry Harris, whose debut will make Auburn the second SEC team to break the color barrier in basketball. Tennessee has back Croft, the big Canadian transplant, and three more of the six players who carried the Vols into the NIT semifinals, but Coach Ray Mears may have trouble replacing the man who ran his disciplined game, Billy Hann. It's SOS—Same Old Story—at LSU, where Pete Maravich once more will be the best show in Dixie, and his supplanting cast one of the worst.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, Lefty Driesell's first varsity squad at Maryland could have trouble beating the freshmen. Driesell got a late start in recruiting, but he and his assistants went on a crash catch-up program. The result: a team for another season. For now there are 6'7" Rod Hest and 6'5" Sparky Sell.

At Wake Forest, Coach Jack McCloskey has Charlie Davis, who averaged 22.8 points last year as a sophomore and was fifth nationally with an .882 free-throw percentage. The Deacons lost 21 games two years ago but now—after a respectable 18-9 season—may be ready to challenge the ACC's Big Three.

Only Richmond and George Washington have any sort of chance against Davidson in the Southern Conference, and that is not saying much. In the Ohio Valley Conference, Murray State returns all five starters from last season's championship team, and Eastern Kentucky Coach Guy Strong has back four regulars—including smooth 6'5" Guard Toke Coleman.

When he went from West Virginia to Duke last spring,

Bucky Waters left behind five sophomores who should reassure the folks in Morgantown that Waters is still a good old boy. They could, in fact, make the Mountaineers' new coach, Sonny Moran, one of the surprise winners among Southern independents and help their fans to forget the 13-14 record in 1968-69, the worst in 25 years. Virginia Tech Coach Howie Sherron feels his Gobblers may be "pretty good by Christmas," which could be just so much cold turkey.

**WEST** With UCLA weakened, if only slightly, and almost every other Pacific Eight team improved, it is going to be an interesting fight in the league that has produced six of the last 11 NCAA champions. California, for instance, has four potential future All-Americans—6'7" junior Guard Charlie Johnson (fourth in the league in rebounding last season as a sophomore), 6'4½" Forward Jackie Riddle from Arkansas (top sophomore scorer in Cal history) and two touted men from the freshmen, Phil Chenier and 6'9" Anasley Traitt. "We won't be doormats for anybody," says Coach Jim Padgett. But since there is always the possibility in Berkeley that the Third World Liberation Front will raise some kind of hell, pressuring the black players to join in, Cal's is not an atmosphere conducive to concentrating on UCLA, USC and the rest.

Take-year-even-time and defense-conscious Oregon State will no doubt run and shoot a little more because of all the talent. Coach Paul Valenti has collected in Corvallis. Excellent shooter Vince Fritz is back after a year out with a back injury, but will move to forward, thanks to the presence of sophomore Guards Billy Nickleberry and Fred Boyd. The Beavers also have a 7' center, Vic Bartolomeo, who gave Lew Alcindor some of his toughest matches, and 6'9" Forward Gary Freeman, who can shoot with Fritz. Washington Coach Tex Winter has all five starters back, plus 6'9½" Steve Hawes from Mercer Island, just a floating bridge away from Seattle. "At this stage, he is the finest prospect for a big man I've had," says Winter.

Texas at El Paso Coach Don Huskins has a 160-50 record for his eight years in El Paso and he has 6'7" JC transfer Dick Gibbs and quick Nate Archibald to help him keep up his percentage. Defending WAC co-champion Wyoming has 6'6" Carl Ashley (21.0 average) in the pivot and 6'4" Forward Stan Dodds, which does not seem to be enough height to go far nationally. The other co-champ, Brigham Young, has one of the league's better guards, 6'3" Doug Howard, and 6'9" Paul Ruffner to grab a few rebounds.

However, the best team in the high country might be independent Utah State, especially now that the great nickname fans has subdued. An elaborate campaign to turn the Aggies into Highlanders or Scotsmen failed, perhaps because of the blunder unfurled by one group of coeds: "Highlander is flaky, we love Aggie." The Aggie most beloved is Marvin Roberts, a 6'8" forward who averaged 23.6 points a game last year as a sophomore. Utah State also has

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a sophomore guard, Nate Williams, who can invent three new passes while he's up in the air, select one and hit the open man with it.

San Jose State has left the West Coast Athletic Conference to join the new Pacific Coast Athletic Association, where it might have been a contender had not 6' 7½" Center Darrell Hickman been drafted. The Spartans still have 6' 11" Coby Dietrick but probably will not be able to cope with Cal State Long Beach. When San Jose and UC Santa Barbara left the WCAC they were replaced by Nevada Las Vegas and Nevada Reno. Reno has one outstanding player, Forward Alex Boyd, and Las Vegas has a good team led by Guard Lou Small, a transfer from Kansas State. Santa Clara's chief opposition in the league should come from Pacific, where Coach Dick Edwards has collected some giant redwoods, 6' 8" Bill Stricker, 6' 8" Pete Jerns, 6' 9" Tom Jones and 6' 9" sophomore John Giannelli.

The rumor in the Southwest Conference is that Texas Coach Leon Black has convinced Longhorn alumni that the school should have a basketball team to match its football and baseball team. Texas finished in a tie for sixth last season yet is favored this time, maybe because of 6' 7" JC transfer Lynn Howden, who had a brief stay at LSU. Black has a man from Indiana and a man from Oregon on his squad, too, indicating that he has indeed been recruiting hard. Independent Houston, with jumping-jack New Yorker Otis Taylor, 6' 5" sophomore Jeff Hickman, and one of the country's finest JC transfers in James (Poe) Welch, will play in the new Hofheine Pavilion. Backboards were installed recently and Coach Guy Lewis made the first basket. "After waiting for this place for 40 years," he said, "you don't think I'd choke now!" No, and neither should his team through an easy schedule.

**EAST** Coaches along the Eastern seaboard have a problem. Too many other people around the country love their playgrounds. The best and the biggest playgrounders of them all these days go to college almost any place but in the East—so South Carolina and New Mexico, to name two of the most voracious plunderers. As a result the East, outside of its three top candidates, is weak this year. But prospects are looking up. There are a flock of good freshmen in Eastern schools. The day when almost everybody flew the coop could be at an end and the era of homebodies at hand. The coaches hope so.

In the meantime, there is St. John's, an enigma in any season. Seldom highly rated, the Redmen almost always finish with a flourish. This year Lou Carmosino, who will coach the pro Nets beginning next fall, is ending a five-year career during which his team never failed to appear in a postseason tournament. He would love to go out a winner, and he just could despite the loss of Carmine Calozetti and John Warren, who is new with the Knicks. Joe DePina, a flamboyant player, should increase his 16.1 scoring average and get shooting help from improved 6' 10" Center Bill Paulitz

and wingman Jim Smyth, the self-proclaimed "Best Shooter in the World" who is not that far off in assessing his gift. Sophomores Rich Lyons, short on experience, has the ability to replace Calozetti. Bowling out, Carmosino should make it five-for-five.

Fordham and Manhattan, whose basketball fortunes are on the upswing, will challenge St. John's for top rating among New York City independents. Ramapo Coach Ed Corbin has two good 6' 4" sophomores, George Zambetti and Tommy Sullivan, to go with four starters from last year's solid 17-9 team. The Jaspers lost only two lettermen and have 6' 8" Center John Marren along with eight sophomores, led by superb swingman Henry Sawright, from a 21-2 freshman team. And for the wearisome of the game, their team colors, they have Dennis Routledge from Cork City, Ireland.

In the Ivy League, Princeton and Columbia will battle Penn. The Tigers, who won the league last year with the first undefeated record since 1951, were stunned during preseason drills when league scoring champ Jeff Petrie (20.8 points a game) ruptured his spine playing pool and was put in traction. If he recovers, Petrie will join 6' 9" John Hummer, who switches to pivot, and sophomore Guard Reggie Bird to make the Tigers a strong challenger. Columbia's seniors, bulleth 6' 3" Jim McMillan and quick Guard Haywood Detson, led their team to a 20-4 record last season, including a win over Purdue. The Lions were hurt in the Ivy race by their weak rebounding and are looking to improve Bob Galus, a transfer from Pitt, to strengthen it.

Even old ladies in pillbox hats know who will score for Niagara. In two seasons 5' 10" Calvin Murphy fired in 1,694 points, yet the Purple Eagles were unable to win half their games. Now that might all change with the newly arrived Marshall Wiggins, 6' 4", to take the defensive pressure away from Murphy. The Eagles have four other starters returning and should break .500.

Among the three strong New England independents Boston College and Providence have new coaches, but Holy Cross must like the team. The Crusaders lost their top rebounder and scorer, Ed Siadat. However, 6' 8" Forward Bob Kinnane, runner-up in both categories, returns along with two other regulars, at least one of whom may have a time keeping his job away from one of the new sophomores: Buddy Verne, who averaged 22.9 as a freshman, 6' 4" rebounder Stan Grayson, who scored 21, and slick Joe Rayon.

Charles Daly, replacing Bob Cousy at BC, has only Bob Dakin to ease the loss of Terry Driscoll, who led the Eagles to 19 consecutive victories last season. Dave Gavitt is better off at Providence. Joe Mullaney left him three of last year's starters, including Jim Larnagani and Vic Colucci, and from the freshman team comes Gary Wilkins, who averaged 31.7 points a game.

La Salle misses four starters from its 23-1 team of a year ago, but Coach Tom Gola still has two top players in 6' 7" Ken Durren and Fran Duszny. The Explorers' biggest problem could be Gola himself. Running, in effect, as "Nobody's Boy," he was elected controller of Philadelphia, the city's fourth-highest office. He may not be La Salle's boy very much longer,

# SMALL- LIKE THE START OF IT ALL

The place where it begins is now the southwest corner of the Winchester Square Shopping Plaza in Springfield, Mass. The fall air of a late afternoon is nippy, the way it might have been in 1891 when Dr. James A. Naismith started his game, but the gaudy lights of Dunkin' Donuts and Stop and Shop do not pick up his peach basket. There are, in fact, no peach baskets around or many people who would note their absence. Nor are the baskets that mean something half a mile down the road at Springfield College, for whose winner well-being Dr. Naismith invented basketball. Those—the important baskets—are at American International College, three blocks from Springfield College, and they became important when a band of like athletes assembled by Coach Bill Callahan began stuffing them with balls so often and so expertly that even people at rival Springfield were beginning to say that AIC might just be playing some of the finest small college basketball in the country.

That is quite an admission for the former School of Christian Workers, for whom Dr. Naismith molded the first basketball team. Springfield still rates among the world's finest institutions of physical culture, and it does things like sending its basketball squad on a round-the-world goodwill tour, gathering the old grads at the Olympics in Mexico City for an old-fashioned YMCA-style luncheon and then placing half of its athletic staff on one Olympic committee or another for 1972. American International, by contrast, is a small liberal-arts college that was founded in 1885 to educate immigrants, a distinction that everybody might have forgotten by now were it not for the presence on the basketball team of a sandy-haired Greek center named George Kastirakis. People think he looks Polish.

So what have the AIC Yellow Jackets been doing to the Chiefs of Springfield lately? The answer is beating them in six of the last seven years. AIC, which until 1965 was usually 3-21 (its record against Springfield was 6-29), has been 79-23 the last four years. Last season the Yellow Jackets won 23 of 25 and fin-

ished third in the NCAA College Division tournament. Bill Callahan was named small college coach-of-the-year and Greg Hill was first-team small-college All-America. This season the team should be every bit as good. Three starters including Hill are back, there are two excellent sophomores and the team is deep. Although there is plenty of competition—Southwest Missouri State, Ashland of Ohio, Alcorn A&M, Puget Sound, Gannon, Bellarmine, Tennessee State, Eastern New Mexico and, as usual, Evansville appear to be the best of the other small colleges—AIC could land on the top of them all come March.

So recent is American's rise to prominence that even Bobby Rutherford, a quick, flashy guard and one of the team's stars who grew up across the street from AIC, never heard of the school's basketball prowess before he went there. "We had to use any gym we could get, a junior high, maybe the Armory," recalls Callahan. "Everything went through the district school board and we had to play our games at the Springfield College Fieldhouse." Callahan fixed that situation late in 1965 when he talked AIC into building Butova Gymnasium and granting full athletic scholarships. Next he landed Henry Paroz, Springfield's most widely sought athlete, and hired Hilton White, a highly successful black coach in New York City's recreational leagues, as his top assistant.

Interest began to build. Hill, one of White's former pupils, transferred from Owen Junior College in Memphis, a school with no gym and only three basketballs, and discovered AIC was paradise by comparison. Hill could shoot—43% for a 20.6 average last year—and the 1,800 students began calling him "Captain Nice" and following the team everywhere.

For the NCAA finals last March many of the students hitchhiked to Evansville, Ind. through a heavy snowstorm and with very little money in their pockets. AIC lost its semifinal game to Kentucky Wesleyan, the tournament winner, 83-82 in overtime when Rutherford missed a free throw after the game had ended. The loss was not entirely a heartbreaker. "At least," says Rutherford when reminded of that ghastly meltdown, "people know now who we are."

This fall Mike Tranghese, publicity assistant, was hurriedly checking on the first season-ticket sale while Callahan worked to polish his two sophomores, 6'6" Kastirakis and 6'4" Mike White. They will have to offset the unexpected loss of 6'11" Al Carter and defensive whiz Curtis Mitchell, two starters who elected to skip the season because of illness and family problems. White's credentials are already impressive, however. The New Yorker chose AIC over offers from such major basketball schools as Davidson, Colorado, Jacksonville and Loyola of Chicago, primarily because of the presence of Hilton White. As a freshman he scored 71 points in one game—against, alas, Springfield.

Along with Hill and Rutherford (whom Callahan has praised as "the quickest player I've ever had and one of the quickest I have ever seen at any level") returns Alan Bush, a 5' 7" fireplug who occasionally can

*continued*

dunk the ball. The responsibility for leading the team back to Evansville and possibly the championship rests chiefly with them: three and the two sophomores, Kas-trinik and White.

Callahan, who punctuates practices with a lot of "a-ah-bahs" and "waytaps," is a firm believer in run-and-gun basketball ("the kids will do that better than anything if you let them") and mixed, pressuring defenses. He also serves as assistant athletic director and tennis coach and probably is the best net shooter in the city of Springfield. Recently he found himself being boosted quite seriously for mayor but he quickly asked out. "I'm not a real 100% politician like most fish," he says.

Maybe not, but he is the driving force behind an athletic program that has brought in Art Demar, who won 72 games in the major leagues, to coach baseball, and Glenn Danjunt, considered by some the best back in New England football. And America's hockey team is defending ECAC college-division champion.

Like AIC, Springfield, a city of 180,000, is enjoying prosperity these days. So many new building projects are springing up—a \$13.9 million civic center, a downtown renovation with two shopping malls called Bay State West, a luxury hotel and a 24-story office building—that the city hardly noticed more than a year ago when Robert McNamara decided to close The Army, birthplace of the Springfield rifle. Springfield even sprang for a handsome contribution to the Basketball Hall of Fame, which, after years of operating out of closets, now is housed in a modern \$750,000 building and draws 32,000 sightseers a year. Despite the Naismith tradition, however, no team from Springfield has ever won a national championship. They are hoping that this might be the year.

The city and AIC may find out earlier than the NCAA finals—on Jan. 3, to be exact. That is the night the Yellow Jackets are scheduled to meet Evansville, and beating the Aces, who have won four college-division titles in the last 30 years, is never easy, particularly on their home court. Beating them this season will be a lot harder than last, when Evansville was 12-14, mostly because of the presence of two sophomores who have Indians excited again. They are 6'3" Don Buss, who is already drawing comparisons with Jerry Sloan, Evansville's all-time everything, and 6'8" Steve (The Whale) Weiner.

Among the other powers of small-college basketball, about the only one AIC probably will not have to worry itself over is Kentucky Wesleyan, where four starters are gone, including All-America George Tinsley, who left school for the ABA's Kentucky Colonels. But AIC notably can expect considerable competition from a team in another Springfield—Southwest Missouri State. If State's coaches are any measure, then the Massachusetts Springfielders had better watch out. The Chamber of Commerce has said that: "Experience has shown it is not wise to schedule any kind of event on the same night that Southwest State is playing a basketball game." As many as three radio stations broadcast the school's games and fans have been known to

stand in line all night to purchase one of 3,500 available seats. Southwest State, 75-71 loser in the college-division finals last year, returns 6'7" Pivot Curtis Perry, a 20-point, 15-rebound man, among others and should keep the home folks smiling.

There is smiling going on, too, in Lorman, Miss., where 500 residents still pride themselves over the Coon Brothers General Store—the original country store, so they claim. The prospects for Alcorn A&M, which lost some strength from a 26-1 squad but returns both guards and strong, 6'3" Floyd Mason, who can jump as well that it takes a 6'5" foe to stop him, seem excellent. If Alcorn is not the class of the South, then Belairrinc, with five of its top six players from a good 16-12 team running, or Tennessee State may be. State, which has sent Dick Barnett, John Barnhill and Ben Warley to the pros, is saying that it has yet another like them in Guard Ted McClain.

Ashland of Ohio, basketball's equivalent to a slow pulse beat, shoots seldom, scores less and refuses to work the ball in. But the Eagles are ball hawks, to mix a metaphor or, better yet, to mix up opposing teams. Four of the six frustrators who limited foes to 33.9 points a game last season are back, including long-armed Guard Kevin Wilson. He is only 6'5" but he gives the impression of having the longest wing spread of all in the Ashland aerie. The team is famed for tricky ball handling before in games begin. Those who have had to play against the Ohioans after the center sap-off usually with the warmup show had never stopped. Getting the ball away from Ashland has been—and this season will continue to be—as easy as stealing an egg from an Eagle's nest.

Though basketball still plays second fiddle to football at Puget Sound in Tacoma, Wash., rookie Coach Don Zach revitalized things with a 26-2 season (24-3 if you count schools like Hawaii, which the NCAA does not) and, with four starters back, the Loggers should dominate the Pacific Coast. Yet the best in the West may be the NAIA defending champion, Eastern New Mexico. A running team that travels by Greyhound bus and has, appropriately, two greyhounds for mascots, it returns four-fifths of the brigade that sank 67% of its shots in Kansas City last March. Greg Hyde, a 6'6" NAIA All-America forward the last three years, teams with brother Jerry to form a solid nucleus. If John Arnold, better known for his astute-bunting exploits in the Portables, N. Mex. hills, comes through at center, the team should repeat.

Primary challenge to American International's Eastern supremacy will come from Gaston College in Erie, Pa., a former NAIA school that just joined the NCAA. Glenn Summers last season scored 30 points against Niagara and 24 against Dayton, both major powers. He leads a lineup that includes the first six from a 24-6 team.

Should AIC manage to end up with a title and a better record than any of those schools, in Springfield they just may find a small niche for a little plaque in that building they helped erect. Dr. Naismith of the rivals would have approved of that. **END**



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## Make way for the Wild Bunch

That's the nickname for the USC defense, an unyielding group which last week helped to beat crosstown-rival UCLA by **DAN JENKINS**

**A**CROSS the way the USC students had raised a banner that said, THE WILD BUNCH TAKES NO —! The Wild Bunch is the Trojan defensive unit, and all season it hasn't let anybody's offense push it around, including UCLA's. All afternoon and evening the Wild Bunch bounced Dennis Durrett around the coliseum floor like a double dribble, smothering him five less after five and forcing him to throw the football upward, downward and sideways. This was the main reason USC eased into the Rose Bowl last week for a record fourth straight year. In this unrelenting era of scoring, the defense finally had its day.

It would be tempting to sit back and say that USC whipped the Bruins 14-12 on the biggest break since the San Francisco earthquake, meaning a pass interference call on a poor, sad, sick UCLA defender named Danny Graham, a play which gave USC a chance to come up with a winning touchdown pass to the game's last two minutes. But actually that Wild Bunch of Coach John McKay had slowly been winning the game all afternoon by burying Durrett no less than 12 times when he was searching for a receiver—and intercepting him five times.

Durrett is a marvelously accurate thrower when he has time to glance around for somebody, but the Trojan defense is a quick, vicious crew which doesn't like to wait around for that. Especially the front five, which consists of Al Cowings, Bubba Scott, Charlie Weaver, Jimmy Gurn and Tody Smith. Bubba Smith's brother, that UCLA almost pulled it out when Durrett somehow, some way, after he had been chased, whiplashed, injured and terribly maligned all afternoon, moved the Bruins to a

touchdown with only 3:07 to play for a 12-7 lead in a fine tribute to him. For a fleeting spell there before the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum's 90,814 fanatics, it looked as if Durrett, the transfer from Long Beach, had risen from the dead to become one of the great Hollywood legends.

But USC is accustomed to winning late. Going into Saturday, the Trojans had won four games in the fourth quarter, a feat which had earned them another nickname—the Cardiac Kids. Stanford they had beaten with no time left on the scoreboard clock. In fact, McKay's gang had won or tied 11 of its last 19 games in the last quarter. So what was the big deal about trailing the hated Bruins with only three minutes to play in a game for the Roses, the Pacific Eight Championship and what the two schools like to call the city championship? All you do is let this gang sophomore quarterback, Jimmy Jones, finally start completing passes. Of course, he sometimes has to have a miracle, but he gets that, too.

Here's how it went for all you television viewers who were lulled into a nap by the old-fashioned defense that flustered the day. USC had the ball on its own 32 with only those three minutes left and it had to pass, right? And Jimmy Jones had thrown 13 times so far and had completed only one—for one yard.

Up in the press box a wit said, "Throw the one-yard bomb, Jones."

But Jones didn't do that. He found an end for 10 and a first down. Then he threw to another end for eight. Then he hit a third pass, and the ball was across midfield. The clock had been rolling, though, and there were less than two min-

utes left. The UCLA defense, a unit known as the Quiet Bunch and led by an end named Bob Geddes, and a tackle named Floyd Reese, hadn't done a bad job on its own. It had shut down Clarence Davis, who entered the game as the nation's leading rusher, giving him only 37 yards. And until now it had been scampering after Jones, harassing him into throwing the ball toward downtown. Jones, in fact, then proceeded to throw four straight incompletions from the UCLA 43, and the Bruins went berserk. The game was over. The Bruin cheerleaders, who had the best moves of the day, were ready to go back into their boogaloo chant. "We got the spirit and we got the soul."

There was only one thing wrong. Down on the UCLA 32 where a Jones pass for Sam Dickerson had missed him from Watts to El Segundo, a flag had fallen. UCLA's Danny Graham, overzealous, had needlessly barged into the receiver as the ball sailed overhead. Interference.

So on the next play, a play called "90-play-action pass X-post on the corner," one that will have to be filed away with all of those runs that people like O. J. Simpson and Cotton Warburton and Morley Drury made, Jimmy Jones drifted back and let go to the far right-hand corner of the dark end zone. Dickerson, a fast junior from Stockton, raced toward it, beating his coverage. The ball and Dickerson somehow met in a diving, falling, desperate instant—just six inches inbounds—and USC had made the Rose Bowl.

In regard to these heart-attack games that McKay and Prothro keep playing against each other, McKay said later, "I've checked my heart and I don't have one."

All week there had been some concern among those who care about big games as to whether Saturday's usual 90,000 would turn up in the coliseum. The tickets had all been sold, of course, but officials from both campuses might not have been too surprised if a lot of the students had given them away to, well, let us say perhaps the Committee for the Liberation of Perspiring Calistevia Employees who Vote Democratic. The attitude toward the game was especially anathema, it seemed, out around UCLA, the big school, the one with so many students in all many of the social concerns and civic elements that USC doesn't.

USC being the tidy little school, the "conservative" school. Both campuses were littered with signs and placards nailed to trees, but few of them in Westwood had anything to do with beating the Trojans.

Rather, the signs dealt with beating America, or beating American "imperialists." They also dealt with grape boycotts, with housing problems and with lost-and-found items like puppies and transistors. One afternoon in midweek a trim Oriental girl stood on one of the malls before a concerned group and asked everyone to join in the protest to "rehire Charles," apparently a cafeteria worker who had been fired. And numerous signs were displayed calling for a lunch-in in behalf of the same distressed individual. In fact, *The Los Angeles Times* quoted a student member of the UCLA rally committee as admitting, while the game drew closer, that "people don't care about going to the Rose Bowl as much as they care about Asian movements."

It was slightly different around USC. Some thoughtful protesters had draped cellophane around the statue of Tommy Trojan in case UCLA pranksters tried to dangle blue and gold paint on it, as they had on occasions in the past. Except for a table on a corner by the athletic building where some kids were selling peace buttons, and except for a mall where several students knelt down and painted slogans like *EXPAND THE MIND*, all was tranquil and looked like campuses used to look. Collections of magnificently beautiful coeds strolled along toward classes, and all sorts of near-Katherine Rosses pedaled around on bicycles.

No one who cared in the least about flesh air and exercise and who had a ticket was about to miss the big game, however. It is a ritual as much as anything, like Texas-Oklahoma or Army-Navy. And after all, this time both teams were undefeated for the first time since 1952. It did not have the added importance of Who's No. 1? and the Heisman Trophy as it did two years ago in what has become cherished as the O.J. Simpson-Gary Belton game. But it had the old question of whether USC's John McKay has UCLA's Tommy Prothro's number, or vice versa, and the new question of precisely how good the two teams were, being unbeaten but practically forgotten in terms of national prestige.

This, of course, was the situation on Friday. By noon Saturday, after everyone had watched TV and seen Michigan do that unbelievable thing to Woody Hayes and Ohio State, the Trojans and Bruins had even more incentive. Suddenly everybody was back in the race for No. 1.

The gates to the coliseum had opened at 9 a.m. so the students from both schools could enter and begin what has become one of the longest and most colorful days in sport. They bring food and drink, they bring music, and they turn the coliseum into perhaps the world's largest open-air discotheque. This time they listened to Ohio State take the 10-count on the radio and they let out howls between dancing and beverages and needing one another across the field.

When the game started, UCLA looked like it might lay as big a claim to No. 1 as any other undefeated team. Dennis Dummit rolled the Bruins 75 yards in eight plays for a touchdown which came on Grog Jones' pass to George Farmer, a surprise halfback-to-wingback flip which Prothro ordered on third-and-one.

The play covered 41 yards and caught the Wild Bunch sneaking for one of only two touchdowns. The other time came when Dummit hit Brad Lynam with a 37-yarder there at the last, the play which set up his go-ahead scoring pass to Owen Cooper from the USC seven.

In between all of this, however, the game belonged to the Wild Bunch. They kept the Bruins back in their own end of the field, and it seemed they would never get out. The Wild Bunch would pound Dummit and then help him up, and End Charlie Weaver would say, "Come on, get up so we can hit you again." Weaver explained, "We hoped to discourage him somewhat. And I think we did. By the middle of the third quarter I thought he began to panic. He'd drop back and start looking for us instead of his receivers, and he'd get rid of it before he wanted to."

Actually, everyone should have known the Trojans would find a way. On Friday the Bruins had an ex-student named Raquid Welch as a pep rally, but on Saturday the Trojans had Anthony Quinn and Bill Cosby on their bench. And guys can beat girls at football any old time.

## FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

### WEST

1. USC (9-0-0)
2. UCLA (8-1-1)
3. STANFORD (7-2-1)

For spectators who enjoy tapestries, flag-pole salutes and rocket launchings—anything so there in the sky—it was a dream game. San Diego State, the nation's No. 1 passing team with Dennis Shaw, facing North Texas State, No. 2 with Steve Ramsey. When Shaw threw four interceptions and lost a fumble in the first half, Coach Don Coryell began reaching for aspirin. The Aztecs trailed 24-14, but in the second half they picked off four of Ramsey's passes, recovered a fumble and even got the ball once on an onside kick to win 42-34. Each quarterback attempted 46 passes, but Shaw completed 28 for 387 yards and three touchdowns to Ramsey's 13 for 254 and one touchdown. The winner: Shaw.

It's not a good idea to play a team that has just been bypassed for a bowl bid. If you don't believe it, just ask Colorado State. Arizona State was upset when the Sun Bowl ignored them in favor of Nebraska and Con-

nie, upset enough to beat the poor Rams 79-7 in Tempe, Ariz. So diversified was ASU's ground attack that Fullback Art Malone, the Sun Devils' All-America candidate, was the team's 44th best rusher with only 18 yards. Nine players scored ASU's 13 touchdowns. "I was sorry to see the score go that high," said the winning coach, Frank Kush, "but it's hard to put a third string kid in there when he's hungry for some action and tell him not to do his best." If the Sun Devils defeat Arizona this week, they win the Western Athletic Conference title. If Arizona wins, the crown goes to Utah, which concluded its season with a 5-1 conference record after a 16-6 victory against Brigham Young.

While the Pacific Eight side was being won by USC's defense, there was jostling for lower positions. Oregon State had a field-goal attempt blocked with the score tied 3-7 and just 58 seconds left. The ball bounced off an Oregon player and Jeff Kolberg recovered it for the Beavers on the four. Kick-or Mike Nehf's second attempt gave State the victory.

Washington won its first game of the season.

continued

defeating Washington State 30-21 in Seattle. Both teams concluded their seasons with 3-9 records.

Stanford shared second place with UCLA by beating Cal 29-28. The Indians blew a 17-0 first-quarter lead and found themselves behind 28-23 late in the fourth quarter. But they marched 80 yards on the ground and completed the scoring with a Heide Williams plunge from the four.

## EAST

1. PENN STATE (9-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (9-1)
3. DARTMOUTH (8-1)

There were some who felt that Dartmouth was the greatest Ivy League team since those long-ago days of bowl bids. The suburban Indians had scored eight times by 36 points a game. Moreover, their final obstacle, had torn its own hopes for an undisputed league championship dashed by Yale just the week before. Ah, but not for nothing had Princeton Coach Jake McNamara done graduate study in psychology. All week long he kept replaying films of the Columbia-Dartmouth game, underlining one of the Indians' lesser showings. Just when Dartmouth began to look human, he took the squad aside and told them to "move conservatism out the window—attack, attack. Finally, before the Tigers took the field, he stood before them and uttered only two words: "I'm proud."

Princeton roared out of the locker room (remember to open the door) and, using outside sweeps and tough defense, stunned the Indians 15-7. It was never even close as 175-pound Halfback John Byrklund, starting only his second game, scored three touchdowns. "Beating Dartmouth had become an obsession," noted Defensive End Jim Niven, "but we figured, what have we got to lose? Let's go out and attack, and if we blow it, we really blow it." The victory ended a three-way tie for the Ivy crown among Dartmouth, Princeton and Yale.

Yale, which had been knocked out of the runner of sole titleholder in the final 42 seconds against Harvard last season, seemed to be awaiting another final-second crash. Also, the only interest at the end came from the Yale supporters who counted off the remaining 42 seconds as the Elm crumbled away with a 7-0 victory. Their defensive team held the Crimson to a mere 27 yards rushing, forced four fumbles and let the passing get no farther than their 11. The Elm's score came on a third-quarter two-yard plunge by Fullback Bill Preves after an 80-yard drive inspired by Quarterback Joe Manney, a junior who once quit the freshman team due to a preference for singing in the Glee Club. Yale wasn't the only Ivy team to enjoy the day's outcome.

Columbia upset Brown 18-3, closing the season at 1-8 for the Lions.

Penn State remained undefeated, as did Quarterback Chuck Burkhardt, who hasn't lost since he was in junior high school. Strangely enough, the guy who beat him then is now Pittsburgh Quarterback Jim Friel, whose Panthers left it to the Lions 27-7, leaving State with one game left en route to a second straight undefeated season. West Virginia squirmed by Syracuse (forced despite a 5-3 record to West Virginia's 8-11-13-10 after being down 10-0. Said Coach Jim Carlen of the Peach Bowl-bound team whose record this year is the best since an undefeated season in 1922, "We're 9-1, but we're not getting any national attention."

## MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (9-1)
2. MISSOURI (9-1)
3. MICHIGAN (8-2)

As soon as the news broke, on the Monday before the Air Force game, that Notre Dame would play in the Cotton Bowl, the press speculated on the reason for the change in policy. Notre Dame's share of the Cotton Bowl purse will be about \$150,000, but the athletic department will get none of it. The money will go to the central operating fund to be used for minority study programs, a subject that is dear to Father Heideburg's heart. He is the chairman of the National Civil Rights Commission.

That is the way Notre Dame players want it. The first question senior Co-Captain Bob Olson asked about the bowl trip was "How will it help the university?" Paragahan and his staff shielded players from questions about the Cotton Bowl because the Air Force Academy still remained on the schedule. At first, it looked like Air Force would suffer an embarrassment from the loss similar to the ones experienced by Navy and Army. Notre Dame scored in the opening two minutes on a 79-yard run by Donny Allen. But then the game settled down into an old-fashioned defensive battle. Four field goals later than first touchdowns proved to be the difference, 13-5.

Purdue survived a hideous start against Indiana. Trailing 34-0 in the first quarter, Mike Phelps threw a 71-yard scoring pass to Stan Brown and then continued to pick the Indiana defense apart with his passing. The 44-21 win gave Jack Mollenkopf his fifth consecutive 8-2 season, and the 64-year-old coach had a few words concerning speculation that he'd retire. "I'm not going to. No, sir. I think an 8-2 season will be good enough to retire me."

As in his style, Minnesota's Dan Devine expressed concern on the eve of the Kansas

game. He posted signs in red and blue Kansas colors which read: "The Tigers of their '67 and '68 defeats. 'Kansas,' said Devine of a team that ranked last in the Big Eight in rushing defense, "has better defensive personnel than Michigan." Kansas' Pepper Rodgers tried manfully to preserve his reputation as a humorist. "We are not taking Missouri lightly," he cracked. "About all we had to laugh at this week is the build-up the Missouri staff has been giving us." Whether Rodgers was well chuckling after the Jayhawks' 66-21 defeat was doubtful. Terry McMillan threw for four touchdowns and ran for two more. The Tigers—tied with Nebraska for the Big Eight title—happily headed to Kansas City for 28th-straight at the restaurant of Peter J. Carter, Missouri's No. 1 fan.

Nebraska had an easy time, 48-14, against Steve Owens and the Oklahoma Sooners. The Cornhuskers allowed the famous tailback just 30 yards in 21 carries and ended his streak of 17 straight 100-yard games. The defense also managed to intercept three passes and recover two fumbles. About all Nebraska needed offensively was sophomore Tailback Jeff Kinney, who rushed for two touchdowns, caught a pass for another and passed for a fourth.

The tempo for a wild passing show in Boulder was established when Kansas State and Colorado each had touchdown passes in the opening 28 seconds. State's Lynn Decker set conference records with 61 attempts and 439 yards gained through the air. Colorado's Jimmy Bratten threw for just 251 yards, but his arm was responsible for five touchdowns. Colorado's 45-32 win sends the Buffaloes into the Liberty Bowl against Alabama.

The state of Ohio can still claim two undefeated, undefeated teams, Toledo and Lake Wrentham University. Toledo scored 21 points in the third quarter and went on to beat Xavier 35-0 for its 10th victory. The Mid-American champions are expected to defeat Davidson in the Tangerine Bowl. Wrentham concluded a 9-0 year with a 56-0 victory over Wagner and a bowl trip of its own. The trip consists of a short walk across campus. The Tigers will face William Jewell College in Springfield's 7,000-seat Wrentham Stadium. The team will play in the first annual Alverno State Bowl.

## SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. ARKANSAS (8-0)
3. HOUSTON (7-2)

When the news of Ohio State's death was announced to the crowds in stadiums around the country, the response was overwhelming. It came to Baylor Stadium in Waco, Texas at halftime of the Baylor-SMU game. Dur-



# Better than mistletoe

The waffle baker that also grills hamburgers.



It gives food delicious texture. And when you fold the top back flat and reverse the waffle grill, it becomes a grill. All surfaces are Teflon-coated. Model W234.

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This new push-button broiler even shields 8" x 11 1/2" stove, but it's much easier to close. The inside is chrome-finished with rounded corners. Model 3D40.

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The "his and hers" toaster.

This is the 4-slice toaster that toasts 2 slices light and 2 slices dark—at the same time. It has separate controls for each pair of slots. Model D111.

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refl Royal, coach of the second-ranked Texas Longhorns, was in the press box (Texas was idle), listening to the radio, when he was handed a ticker-tape report of the Ohio State-Michigan final score. One writer described his reaction as "a smile wider than the goalposts" and the coach, in fitting response to good fortune, then kissed the tape. "I'm as pleased as I could be about it," Royal said. "Now we have a shot at finishing No. 1 in the country. I will be surprised if we're not No. 1 in the polls this week." There were only 30,000 assembled to witness the Beane's swift loss, 12-6, but when the word came in from Ann Arbor they made a tremendous roar that thrilled Royal. "It's nice to know that not everybody in this part of the country is against us," Royal said.

In Houston, fans have a team of their own to be proud of. After his Cougar suffered early-season losses in Florida and Oklahoma State, Coach Bill Yoeman found that a third-stringer named Gary Mullins could find the ball far enough downfield to reach Split End Elmo Wright. The result has been seven straight wins and a trip to the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl. Elmo caught four touchdown passes from Mullins against Wyoming Saturday night, and the former high school telephone player now holds every Houston receiving record except one—longest punt play, a 99-yarder from Bo Barri to Warren McVea against Washington State three years ago. After Wright disassembled the Cowboys 41-14, he displayed his gold front tooth in the locker room. "The only difference between tonight and our other games," he grinned, "was that no one tackled me after I got the ball."

There was speculation the week before the game that Houston Black athletes might protest in sympathy with the 14 players awarded from the Wyoming squad last month by Coach Lloyd Eaton. One Black approached cornerback Charles Ford and asked what the chances were. Ford replied, "Two, three and none."

## SOUTH

1. LSU (9-1)
2. TENNESSEE (6-5)
3. AUBURN (7-2)

LSU football fans, uncharacteristically perhaps, did not storm Miami, Dallas and New Orleans when they learned that bowl bids were instead to Missouri, Notre Dame and Ole Miss. But, surely, they had to do something. After all, hadn't the Tigers gone 8-1, and didn't they lead the nation in rushing defense? So before the kickoff against Tulane, students paraded before the crowd in Baton Rouge with signs reading **WELCOME**

continued

# Three wise gifts bearing news (music and sports)



Maybe you never thought of a radio as a gift idea. Well, a radio is always a *sound* idea indeed. Pictured above are three of our soundest. A deluxe 2-piece FM/AM—FM Stereo model with speakers that separate to 16 feet for superb stereo realism. An indoor-outdoor FM/AM 3-band portable that brings in thrilling

short wave broadcasts and operates on rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries. And our FM/AM travel clock radio that opens and closes like a book.

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# RCA



# We used a computer to separate the men from the boys.



## RCA's new Computer Crafted Stereo Tuners are designed to separate crammed-together-on-the-dial stations.

There you are. Listening blissfully to a fugue by Bach while trying to ignore the overlapping best of some East Village group.

But when you try to get the fugue alone, the overlap may linger on.

With a lot of stations crammed together on the dial, both you and your tuner have trouble trying to figure which one to listen to.

So RCA engineers used computers to develop tuners that are especially designed to keep crowded stations apart. And pull in hard-to-get FM Stereo ones, too.

Tuners that are so sensitive and so strong, they set new RCA standards of performance.

On the production line, for example, computers test each part against performance standards stored in their

memory banks before the part goes into the tuner.

And, if the part doesn't measure up to the engineer's original design, the computer lights up and rejects the part.

No ands, ifs, buts or excuses.

560 computer tests later—7 times as many as before the computer—the entire tuner is tested for optimum performance.

So the tuner you get not only separates stations better but also pulls in stations from farther away. Even out in the hinterlands.

Test-listen an RCA stereo with a Computer Crafted Tuner at your RCA dealer—one station at a time.

Hearing is believing.

# RCA



♦ "My sporting interests have been limited," observes James Earl Jones, who now finds himself not doing roadwork and sparring with his trainer, **Musky Callahan**. Jones has had to take up boxing intensively for the fight scenes in the film version of *The Great White Hope*—scenes which took place offstage in the play, will be filmed by cameras peering too closely at Jones for use of a double. "I was a country boy, a farm boy, and that meant I was strong," Jones reports, summing up his athletic experience. Running, he finds, is "not actually lonely, but solitary, like a monk's life." And sparring? Instructed to throw a left hook, he threw a left hook, spraining his thumb, but that was against a friend named **Muhammad Ali**. Callahan, once the world's junior welterweight champion and a sometime referee, has faith. "I trained plenty of athletes for the movies [among them, **Kirk Douglas** and **Elvis Presley**], but this fellow is going to be the best. This fellow is just great. The fight scenes are going to be great. He's going to get the Academy Award."

♦ Last year Yale drafted **John Hersey's** dog, **Handsome Dan XL**, or Oliver, as he is known to his friends. In 1968 Atlantic Director DeLaney Kishnuth reported to the Pulitzer Prize-winning author that Handsome Dan XL, Yale's incontinent bulldog, did not seem up to a 10th season. Hersey came through like the Old Blue he is and began preparing his 3-year-old bulldog to carry on. He expected Oliver faithfully to intermarry games, so that come the '96 season Oliver would feel at ease on the sidelines. However, Hersey's gravest concern was "whether Oliver would stay awake for 2½ hours." The bulldog did, in fact, doze off during a couple of games, but Yale was merely



caught napping, finishing the season with a 7-2 record and a share of the Ivy League title.

"Stukey, I'm not mad at Philadelphia," says TV's **Jim Nabors**. "It was just one of those things." Nabors, a true football fan, has been attending the Los Angeles Rams games—both home and away—at his own expense. For eight straight games he sang the national anthem and for eight straight games the Rams won—a conjunction of events not lost upon the Philadelphia Eagles. Figuring, logically, that they needed all the help they could get, the Eagles

decided they were not about to risk the Nabors jinx, and he was requested not to sing. He may not have been mad, but he was wounded. "First time I ever visited Philadelphia, and imagine—they wouldn't let me sing the national anthem!" Nabors went on to confide, however, that he had sung right along with the Rams on the sideline, which turned out to be good enough. They won, 23-17.

Comedian **Bob Newhart** reported on *The Tonight Show* that he had bought a horse in Iowa, where he was making a film. "She's three-fourths of a quarter horse," said Newhart. "I guess that makes her ¾ths of a horse. Very difficult to ride." Difficult or not, it would have been cheaper for Newhart to have ridden her from Iowa home to California. "I wanted to send the horse by train, but the railroad will not take just one horse," he said. "You must have 30, and I wasn't about to buy 29 others just to get my one to California. Then my wife and I were going to get a trailer and drive the horse out... but you don't pull into a Howard Johnson's with a horse. I finally found a boy to drive her out, and we now have her in a stable in Woodland Hills. So, after spend-



ing about \$1,300, I want to see my horse and she stepped on my foot."

On opening day of the duck-hunting season in California, **Edwin W. Pauley**, **Robert E. Petersen**, **W. Sheron Hilton** and **Dante J. Nomellini** were surprised by game wardens in the Sacramento-San Joaquin delta with 49 birds in their possession, more than twice the legal limit of 24. The case recently came to trial and all four declined to fight it, each paying a fine of \$250. Pauley is a Southern California oilman, a multimillionaire and a friend of Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Johnson. Petersen owns a dozen magazines, including *Hot Rod*, *Skate Rider* and *Guns & Ammo*. Hilton is the former owner of the San Diego Chargers and is the present holder of the hotel chain. Nomellini is a former member of the California Fish and Game Commission and is currently on the commission's advisory board.

London's *Sunday Times* Magazine has now completed "its most ambitious venture: a 15-part biographical survey of the men and women who have made the Twentieth Century what it is." Among the 1,000 persons listed are politicians and soldiers, painters, athletes, musicians, writers and many others—"those who would one day be seen to have genuinely affected the life of ordinary people [including] the inventors of Xerox and Tampax...." Some of the athletes named are **Muhammad Ali**, **Jacques Anquetil**, **Roger Bannister**, **Jean-Claude Killy**, **Mannette**, **Pete**, **Sugar Ray Robinson**, **Willie Shoemaker** and **Babe Zaharias**. It's nice to see them there, though a listing in one who has "made the Twentieth Century what it is" might on occasion seem a dubious compliment.



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*"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"*



## Won't somebody please get me out of here?

Frazzled by the tension of coaching Minnesota's North Stars, Wren Blair wants badly to find a replacement. In the meantime he dreams of a day when Europe joins the NHL and there is another big N-Moscow

Few people could tell for sure if the puck had gone into the goal or not. What most of the 12,000 fans in Minnesota's Metropolitan Sports Center saw were bodies sprawling and sticks flying in front of the Oakland Seals' net and then, as the Seals and North Stars wheeled and swept toward the other end of the ice, Wren Blair standing on the dasher and brandishing a fist at the goal judge. "The button, you bast!" screamed the coach and general manager of the North Stars. "The button in your hand! All you have to do is press it! Turn on the light!"

But the light did not go on, and the North Stars eventually lost the game 4-2, which means their leader went a little higher up a wall he is trying frantically to get down from. Blair, known as The Bird for that name Wren, has to be the only coach in hockey who is lucky if his team misses the playoffs, for no coach punishes himself like Blair. Seventy-six nights a year The Bird is a 5' 9" package of fury behind the Minnesota bench—pacing, swearing, exhorting, berating. He buries his face in his hands, pounds the wall with his fists, kicks the bench with his feet and jabs ears red with his mouth. When a game is finally over Blair can't even sleep.

"I gotta get out of coaching, I got no choice," he rasps. "I love it, but it doesn't love me back. But I can't get anybody to take over. Guys are smarter these days. They see what hockey does to a coach, and they say to hell with it, I don't need that."

In the brief three years of the North Star franchise Blair has offered the coaching job to such well-known hockey men as Punch Imlach, former general manager and coach of Toronto, and Boen Boen Geoffrion, former coach of the New York Rangers. Both turned it down. Last year Blair brought up John Mackler, who had been coaching the Stars' Memphis farm team, for 31 games,

But he won only five of them, and the owners persuaded Blair to go behind the bench again.

Last Wednesday, as he awaited the Oakland game, Blair sat at the bar in the paneled recreation room of his handsome split-level in suburban Edina and poured a vodka martini. His face was pale and heavy shadows encircled his eyes. A one-two punch lay ahead. Following that night's game there would be a midnight charter flight to St. Louis, where the North Stars were to meet the first-place Blues on Thursday (and lose again). Blair took a sip of his drink. "Seventy-six days a year it's are we gonna win or aren't we," he said. "Are we gonna win or are we gonna lose? And waiting for it to happen is almost as bad as the games. You can't enjoy your home, your family."

Blair isn't the first man to find coaching a hockey team rough duty, and he won't be the last. Two years ago Montreal's Toe Blake, probably the best hockey coach who ever lived, finally

kicked the tension by quitting, and only last year Geoffrion had to retire because of an ulcer (and the three-office presence of a superior coach, Erik Francis, who did not want to go back to the job but did). For years rumor had it that Gordie Howe would someday wind up coaching the Detroit Red Wings, but after seeing what one year did to his good friend Bill Gadsby, Howe doesn't like those rumors anymore. Not surprisingly, there has been a trend toward coaches 35 and under.

"This game," said Blair, "is every bit as violent and emotional as football. But just look at the coaching staff of the Minnesota Vikings. They've got so many assistants I can't count 'em all. Here, it's me and me alone. And pressure. Why, when we go into Montreal on Saturday night and New York on Sunday night it's just as tough as the Vikings playing the Packers one day, the Rams the next."

An outstanding amateur coach in Canada during the 1950s, Blair took the Whistler (Ontario) Dunlops to the world



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**HOCKEY** continued

championship in Oelo in 1958. Before coming to Minnesota, however, his biggest achievement was that, as a scout for the Boston Bruins, he was the man who signed Bobby Orr. (Boston Owner Weston Adams still refers to Blair as DOBO—Discoverer of Bobby Orr.) While one can get an argument on how good an NHL coach Blair has been, few will deny his gifts as a general manager. Blair is a proud man, but when expansion came along he wasn't too proud to go into Boston and Montreal and literally beg for players. "The day the expansion draft was over," he recalled, "my scouts and I came back to my hotel suite together. I tossed our list onto the table and told them we had to get rid of those players as fast as we could."

Since the Canadiens and Bruins had so many good players, they were certain to lose a number of them in drafts to come. Blair, an true NHL insider, made a number of deals, promising not to draft this player if he could trade for that one. In this manner young stars like Danny Graft, Danny O'Shea and Claude Larose—all previously Montreal property—started turning up in the Minnesota green and yellow. Last year the Green O'Shea-I arose (no-clicked for 74 goals, and Graft won the Rookie of the Year award. Just last summer Defenseman Barry Gibbs—who has given the North Stars some much-needed muscle—came over from Boston, as did the lush-born Tommy Williams. Defenseman Lou Nanne, captain of the U.S. Olympic Team in 1968, had been a hero at the University of Minnesota.

"Our situation was entirely different from the one in St. Louis," said Blair. "We had a good hockey town to start with (the Blues didn't). We knew we could take our time and build with young players, while the Blues had to start winning right away. Right now Scotty Bowman is throwing more talent over the boards than we are, but in the long run we're going to be right up there with St. Louis. No doubt about it."

Blair even jived up the Minnesota fans. Early in the North Stars' first season the Minnesota following was so quiet as it was knowledgeable: it cheered little and, when it did, applauded the good play of opponents as well as the home team's. A few nights of this and Blair learned the fans in the pews. Why, he wanted to know, should the North Stars

continued



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1/2 oz. Absolut  
1/2 oz. Galliano  
1 oz. Vodka  
1 oz. Lemon Juice  
1 oz. Simple Syrup  
1/2 oz. White Rum  
1/2 oz. Cointreau  
Shake vigorously in a shaker with ice cubes  
Strain into a glass



## ITALIAN COGNAC

1/2 oz. Cognac  
1/2 oz. White  
1/2 oz. Galliano  
1/2 oz. Simple Syrup  
1/2 oz. Cointreau  
Shake vigorously in a shaker with ice cubes  
Strain into a glass

## JUMP UP AND KISS ME

1/2 oz. Absolut  
1/2 oz. Galliano  
1/2 oz. Vodka  
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice  
1/2 oz. Simple Syrup  
1/2 oz. White Rum  
1/2 oz. Cointreau  
Shake vigorously in a shaker with ice cubes  
Strain into a glass



## GALLIANO MIST

1/2 oz. Absolut  
1/2 oz. Galliano  
1/2 oz. Vodka  
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice  
1/2 oz. Simple Syrup  
1/2 oz. White Rum  
1/2 oz. Cointreau  
Shake vigorously in a shaker with ice cubes  
Strain into a glass



## ROMAN COFFEE

1/2 oz. Absolut  
1/2 oz. Galliano  
1/2 oz. Vodka  
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice  
1/2 oz. Simple Syrup  
1/2 oz. White Rum  
1/2 oz. Cointreau  
Shake vigorously in a shaker with ice cubes  
Strain into a glass



## GALLIANO SCREWDRIVER

1/2 oz. Absolut  
1/2 oz. Galliano  
1/2 oz. Vodka  
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice  
1/2 oz. Simple Syrup  
1/2 oz. White Rum  
1/2 oz. Cointreau  
Shake vigorously in a shaker with ice cubes  
Strain into a glass



## YELLOW BIRD

1/2 oz. Absolut  
1/2 oz. Galliano  
1/2 oz. Vodka  
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice  
1/2 oz. Simple Syrup  
1/2 oz. White Rum  
1/2 oz. Cointreau  
Shake vigorously in a shaker with ice cubes  
Strain into a glass



## HOCKEY continued

run into rough crowds in places like Boston and Chicago and New York and Montreal—and suffer for it...while visiting stars didn't get a dime's worth of riding in the Met? By the end of the year things had started to change.

When Blair has a little time in which to wear his general manager's hat, he likes to plot hockey's future. Among other things, he believes Europe should be dealt into the NHL. "Right now," he says, "the best we can ever be is No. 3. We can't put people in the seats like football and baseball, because we'll never have that many seats. The only way the NHL can become No. 1 is by going to Europe, by becoming a true international sport. Put teams in places like Moscow, Prague, Stockholm and London and hockey is going to become the most prestigious game in the world. I can see it now: the two big Ms—Minnesota and Moscow—going at each other before a sellout crowd at the Met."

For the time being, however, the crowds at the Met will have to be content with the North Stars going at the present NHL teams—which already include that other rather big M, Montreal. And the fans, whether they come out to watch the Stars or that rat behind the bench, could not be more faithful. Already Minnesota has drawn 128,207 in nine games for an average of 14,235. Meanwhile, Blair will keep up the hunt for a new coach. "I won't leave before I have the right guy, but I have to get somebody," he says. "Handling both jobs is too much for one man. A general manager is like a movie producer, a coach like the director. I'm just worn out from hollering cut, cut, cut!"

"When it happens everybody will miss watching The Bird suffer," says Lynn Patrick, managing director of the Blues and one of Blair's closest friends. "I'll never forget a night last year when we pounded them here in St. Louis 6-0. Glenn Hall even got an assist, and he's a goalie. When was sitting on a trunk by himself outside the Minnesota dressing room when our organist came walking down the hall. You know how he plays that song, *Where the Saints Go Marching In*, after each St. Louis goal? Well, he doesn't recognize The Bird, and as he walks by he mops his forehead and says, 'I sure got sick of playing that damn song tonight.'"

"For the first time in his life when couldn't think of anything to say." **END**

# J. Roger Barrington in for Gale Sayers.

Even the great Gale Sayers takes a rest once in a while.

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the good game people





Only 18, Bert Blyleven (above) pitched the Minnesota Twins to the title in the Florida Instructional League. If history repeats, he will win a Cy Young Award, and the Twins will be in next year's Series

## Where the majors find new (and old) stars

He stood on the mound at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Fla., last Wednesday afternoon and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead with his right wrist. It was the top of the ninth inning, and Bert Blyleven, an 18-year-old pitcher for the Minnesota Twins' entry in the Florida Instructional League, was protecting a 1-0 lead over a young team of Cleveland Indians in a battle for the championship of a league that many who consider themselves baseball fans do not even know exists. The crowd—no more than a thousand—watched Blyleven as he took off his navy-blue cap to reveal a face and a head of hair more in keeping with a Norman Rockwell painting of the late 1940s than with this troubled year of 1969. Blyleven had saired up in a Minnesota uniform by way of Zele, Holland, Saskatchewan and Paramount, Calif.

Now for eight innings he had allowed only one Indian to reach second, and that one he had promptly picked off base. Facing the top of the Cleveland order in the ninth, Blyleven did what pitchers only dream of doing in cham-

pionship games. He struck out the side.

Fast? Another of those kids who, as the scouts say, can throw a Ping-Pong ball through an armored truck or a cocktail onion through a locomotive? Nope. Bert Blyleven throws a masterful curve ball. It brought him eight straight wins in a league that since 1965 has seen all four of its champions end up competing in the subsequent season's World Series. Three of those teams—the Baltimore Orioles of 1966, the Detroit Tigers of 1968 and the New York Mets of 1969—won the Series, while the long-shot Boston Red Sox of 1967 came within in the St. Louis Cards' Bob Gibson of doing the very same thing. If past performances mean a thing, Twin fans in Bigfork, Fergus Falls, Ellsworth Lake and Minnetonka can sit back and wait for a person in 1970.

The Florida Instructional League is barely a dozen years old and, like its counterpart in Arizona, is comparable to no league that functions during the regular season. But because the structure of major league baseball has changed so drastically in the last 20 years,

both the leagues now serve the vital purpose of feeding young players into the majors. They also serve as a place where injured players from the season before can get themselves into shape for the spring training season that begins only 12 weeks from now.

Certainly the two most inspired comebacks of the 1969 season, those of Tony Conigliaro of the Boston Red Sox and Jim Palmer of the Baltimore Orioles, were aided tremendously by the work each did in the FIL last fall. Conigliaro, after nearly losing his sight when hit by a pitched ball, went to Boston's instructional team and tried to forge a new career for himself as a pitcher. While he was at that he took batting practice and hit against enough live pitching to convince himself that he could handle big league pitchers again. Palmer, virtually given up on because of shoulder problems of long duration, went to Clearwater and started on a course that eventually took him to the Penna. Rican winter league and back to the Orioles this year, where he won 16 games.

The experiences of Conigliaro and

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start going out of adjustment  
as soon as they are adjusted.



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Palmer may be duplicated by two major leaguers who suffered bad injuries last season. Chris Short of the Philadelphia Phillies, the only 30-game winner his team has had since 1955, pitched four games in the instructional and looked good even though he had undergone an operation for a herniated disk. Dick McAuliffe, who injured his knee in mid season, was running and fielding ground balls as he started a program that the Detroit Tigers hope will bring him back to second base.

This fall 16 teams from the majors and one from Mexico were represented in the Florida Instructional League. Their clubs lived, practiced and played within a 40-mile radius of St. Petersburg. The cost to each major league organization was roughly \$40,000. Some paid salaries; each player received \$15 a day living expenses.

"There is no doubt," said Detroit General Manager Jim Campbell the other afternoon in St. Petersburg, "that the money we spend here is one of our very best investments. Because of the time players spend in military service and getting themselves through school, the days they get to spend down here become very productive. Players have excellent coaching, and the pressure on them is at an absolute minimum. They learn the little extra things they need to make the majors."

With the exception of the four largest parks—where it costs 50¢ to get in—no admission is charged. The clubs assume the expenses of opening the parks and paying for the public address announcers, ticket takers, ushers and official scorers. The season itself lasts only 40 games, but to many players those are games enough if they bring them to the attention of the parent team's officials, who visit the league once the World Series has ended.

While performances in the Florida and Arizona instructional leagues are not part of a player's official records, it is almost always true that youngsters who do well in them quickly make their way to the majors. The best of them since 1962 have become associated with Cy Young Awards, batting championships and Rookie of the Year selections. They include: Denny McLain, Jerry Koosman, Tony Oliva, Rusty Staub, Glenn Beckert, Jim Northrup, Pete Rose, Willie Horton, Terry Porter, Lou Brock, Gene Alley, Wei-

(continued)





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Last season over 100 rookies broke into the big leagues. The three top listing ones, Al Oliver of Pittsburgh (.285), Lou Piniella of Kansas City (.282) and Carlos May of the Chicago White Sox (.281), were all products of the Florida Instructional League. The Mets' Gentry, with only 41 games behind him in the minors, went to St. Petersburg last fall and won five games while losing none. He not only earned himself a starter's position on the World Champions but also helped pitch a shutout in the World Series and worked more innings (234) than any other rookie.

The Los Angeles Dodgers, solid contenders in the National League West until the final three weeks of the season, brought forth from Arizona their Mod Squad, who helped lift attendance in Dodger Stadium last season by nearly 150,000. Although it attracted virtually no attention at all, the Dodger program in Arizona during the fall of 1968 centered around converting a young catcher named Ted Sizemore into a second baseman. Without a single previous inning behind him in the major leagues, Sizemore was to become one of the main reasons why the Dodgers were in contention. Los Angeles now believes that the money it spent on Sizemore may very well have been the best investment the club ever made. This fall, sniping and force-feeding another crop of youngsters, the Dodgers worked on converting Third Baseman Bill Sudake into a catcher and young Bill Russell into a third baseman.

Instructional league baseball, experimental only a few years ago, has now become an important thing with the parent clubs. The Tigers' Campbell probably said it best. "When Baltimore, Boston and the Tigers won in the Florida Instructional League and got into the Series everybody kind of kidded about it. Then in 1968 the Met youngsters won. We all said to ourselves, 'Well, there goes that myth.' It sure did, didn't it?"

Bert Blyleven and the Minnesota Twins please note.

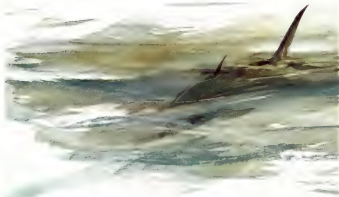
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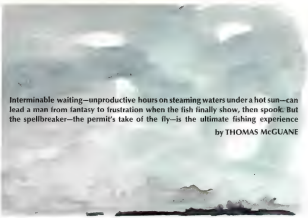
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# The Longest Silence





Interminable waiting—unproductive hours on steaming waters under a hot sun—can lead a man from fantasy to frustration when the fish finally show, then spook. But the spellbreaker—the permit's take of the fly—is the ultimate fishing experience

by THOMAS MCGUANE



CONTINUED



What is emphatic in angling is made so by the long silences—the unproductive periods. For the ardent fisherman, progress is toward the kinds of fishing that are never productive in the sense of the blood riots of the burning-and-fishing periodicals. Their illusion of continuous action make for him, finally, a condition of utter, moribund boredom. Such an angler will always be inclined to find the gunnysack artists of the heavy kill rather cretinoid, their stringerloads of gaping fish appalling.

No form of fishing offers such elaborate silences as fly-fishing for permit. The most successful permit fly-fisherman in the world has four catches to describe to you. The world record (23 pounds) is a three-way tie. There probably have been fewer than 50 caught on a fly since fishing for them began. No permit fisherman seems discouraged by these rarefied odds; there is considerable agreement that taking a permit on a fly is the extreme experience of the sport. Even the guides allow enthusiasts to shine through their cool, professional personas. I once asked one who specialized in permit if he liked fishing for them. "Yes, I do," he said reservedly, "but about the third time the customer asks, 'Is they good to eat?'" I begin losing interest."

The recognition factor is low when

you catch a permit. If you wake up your neighbor in the middle of the night to tell him of your success, shaking him by the lapels of his Doctor Dexters and shouting to be heard over his million-BTU air conditioner, he may well ask you what a permit is, and you will tell him it is like a pompano and, rolling over, he will tell you he cherishes pompano like he had it at Joe's Stone Crab in Miami Beach, with key lime pie afterward. If you have one mounted, you'll always be explaining what it is to people who thought you were talking about your fishing license in the first place. In the end you take the fish off the conspicuous wall and put it upstairs, where you can see it when Mom sends you to your room. It's private.

I came to it through bonefishing. The two fish share the same marine habitat, the negotiation of which is a skill can be somewhat hazardous. It takes getting used to, to run wide open at 30 knots over a close bottom, with sponges, sea fans, crawfish traps, corals and snailfish racing under the hull with awful clarity. The backcountry of the Florida Keys is full of hammocks, narrow, winding waterways and channels that open with complete arbitrariness to basins and, on every side, the flats that preoccupy the fisherman. The process of learning to fish this region is one of learning the particularities of each of these flats. The narrow channel flats with crumbly staghorn coral bottoms, the bare sand flats and the turtle-grass flats are all of varying utility to the fisherman, and, depending upon tide, these values are in a constant condition of change. The principal boat wrecks are the yellow cap-rock flats and the more mysterious coral heads. I was personally plagued by a picture of one of these anomalies coming through the hull of my skiff and catching me on the point of the jaw. I had the usual Coast Guard safety equipment, not excluding floating cushions emblazoned *FOOT-PRER* *KEY* *WATER* and a futile plastic whistle. I add-

ed a Navy flare gun. As I learned the country, guides would run by me in their big skiffs and 100-horse engines. I knew they never hit coral heads and had, besides, CB radios with which they might call for help. I dithered on that and sent for radio catalogs.

One day when I was running to Conestoga Pass on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico, I ran aground wide open in the backcountry. Unable for the moment to examine the lower unit of my engine, I got out of the boat, waiting for the tide to float it, and strolled around in four inches of water. It was an absolutely windless day. The mangrove islands stood elliptically in their perfect reflections. The birds were everywhere—terns, gulls, wintering ducks, skimmers, all the wading birds and, crying down from their tall shafts of air, more ospreys than I had ever seen. The gloomy bonanza of the Overseas Highway with its idiot billboard montages seemed very far away.

On the western edge of that flat I saw my first permit, tiding in two feet of water. I had heard all about permit but had been convinced I'd never see one. So, looking at what was plainly a permit, I did not know what it was. That evening, talking to my friend Woody Sexton, a permit expert, I re-connosed the fish and had it identified for me. I grew retroactively excited, and Woody apprised me of some of the difficulties associated with catching one of them on a fly. A prompt, immobilizing humidity came over me forthwith.

After that, over a long period of time, I saw a good number of them. Always, full of hope, I would cast. The fly was anathema to them. One look and they were gone. I cast to a few hundred. It seemed futile, all wrong, like trying to bait a tiger with watermelons. The fish would see the fly, light on or ignore it. Sometimes flare at it, but never, never touch it. I went to my tying vice and made flies that looked like whatever you

*continued*

could name, flies that were prize-worthy from anything but a practical point of view. The permit weren't interested, and I no longer even caught bonefish. I went back to my old fly, a rather ordinary bucktail, and was relieved to be catching bonefish again. I thought I had lost what there was of my touch.

One Sunday morning I decided to conduct services in the skiff, taking the usual battery of rods for the permit pursuit. More and more the fish had become a simple abstraction, even though they had made one ghostly midwater appearance, pointed silver as a moon near my skiff, and had departed without movement, like a light going out. But I wondered if I had actually seen them, I must have. The outline and movement remained in my head—the dark fins, the pale gold of the ventral surface and the deep, oversized scimitar sails—I had dreamed about them.

This fell during the first set of April's spring tides—exaggerated tides associated with the full moon. I had harnessed a long, elbow-shaped flat on the Atlantic side of the keys, and by Sunday there was a large movement of tide and reciprocal tide. A 20-knot wind complicated my still unsophisticated poling, and I went down the upper end of the flat yawing from one edge to the other and at times raging at the boat tried to swap ends against my will. I looked around, furtively concerned with whether I could be seen by any of the professionals. At the corner of the flat I turned downwind and proceeded less than 40 yards when I spotted, on the southern perimeter of the flat a large stingray making a strenuous mad. When I looked closely it seemed there was something else swimming in the disturbance. I poked toward it for a better look. The other fish was a very large permit. The ray had evidently stirred up a crab and was trying to cover it to prevent the permit from getting it. The permit, meanwhile, was whirling around the ray, nipping its fins to make it move off the crab.

Now my problem was to set the skiff up above the fish, get rid of the push pole, drift down and make a cast. I fig-

etly poled upwind, wondering why I had not been spotted. I was losing my breath with excitement; the little expanse of skin beneath my sternum throbbled like a frog's throat. I acquired a fantastic lack of coordination. Turning in the wind, I beat the boat with the push pole, like a gong. I conducted what a friend has described as a Chinese fire drill. After five minutes of the densest possible clogpage I got into position and could still see the permit's fin-breaking the surface of the ray's mud. I laid the push pole down, picked up my fly rod and, to my intense irritation, saw that the ray had given up and was swimming, not seeing me, straight to the skiff. The closing rate was ruinous. I couldn't get a cast off in time to do anything. About 20 feet from the boat the ray sensed my presence and veered 15 feet off my starboard gunwale, leaving the permit swimming close to the ray but on my side. As soon as I could see the permit perfectly, it started to flush, but instead just crossed to the opposite side of the ray. Taking the only chance offered me, I cast over the ray, hoping my line would not spook it and, in turn, the permit. The fly fell with luck, agonizing perfection, three feet in front of the permit on its exact line of travel. There was no hesitation; the fish darted forward and took—the one-in-a-thousand shot. I lifted the rod, feeling the rigid bulk of the still unalarmed fish, and set the hook. He shimmered away, my loose line jumping off the deck. And then the rod suddenly doubled and my leader broke. A loop of line had tightened itself around the handle of the reel.

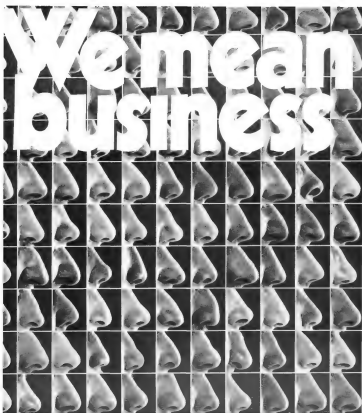
I was ready for the rubber room. I had been encouraged to feel it might be five years before I hooked another. I tried to see all that was good in other kinds of fishing, I thought of various life-enhancing things I could do at home. I could turn to the ennobling volumes of world literature on my shelves. I might do some ois, slip out a goache or two. But I could not distract myself from the mental image of my lovingly assembled fly rushing from my hands on the lip of a big permit.

I had to work out a routine that would

not depend on such exceptional events for success. One technique, finally, almost guaranteed me shots at permit, and that was to stake out my skill on the narrow channel flats that are covered with a crusty layer of blue-green staghorn coral. Permit visit these in succession, according to tide and a hierarchy of flat values known mainly to them but intimated by certain strenuous fishermen. I liked to be on these flats at the early incoming tide—the young flood, as it is called—and fish to the middle incoming or, often, to the slack high. The key was to be able to stand for six hours and watch an acre of bottom for any sign of life at all. The body would give out in the following sequence: arches, back, hips. Various dehydration problems developed. I carried ice and drank quinine water until my ears rang. Push-ups and deep knee bends on the casting deck helped. And, like anyone else who used this method, I became an active fantasist. The time was punctuated by the appearances of oceanic wildlife, fish and turtles that frequented the area as well as many that did not. With any luck at all the permit came, sometimes in a squadron and in a flurry, sometimes alone with their tails in the air, rooting along the hard edge of the flat. The cast would be made, the line and leader would straighten and the fly fall. On a normal day the fly only made the permit uncomfortable, and it would turn and gravely depart. On another the fly so horrified the fish that it turned tail and boiled. On very few days is sprinted at the fly, stopped a few inches short, ran in a circle when the fly was gently worked, reared and flared at it, flashed at it, saw the boat and flashed.

On very hot days when the cumulus clouds stacked in a circle around the horizon, a silky sheen of light lay on the water so that the vision had to be forced through until the head ached. Patience was strained from the first, and water seemed to stream from the skin. At such times I was counting on an early sighting of fish to keep my attention. And when this did not happen I succumbed to an inviting delusion. I imagined the best place to fish was somewhere very





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far away, and it would be necessary to run the country. I reeled up my line and put the rod in its holder. I took the push pole out of the bottom and secured it in its chocks on the gunwale. Then I let the wind carry me off the flat. I started the engine and put it in forward, suffering exquisitely a moment more, then ran the throttle as far as it would go. The bow lifted, then lowered on plane, the stern came up and the engine whined satisfactorily. Already the perspiration was drying, and I felt cool and slaked by the spray. Once on top, standing and steering, running wide open, I projected on my mind what was remembered of a suitable chart to get to this imaginary place where the fish were thick enough to walk on. I looked up and was reprieved by the vapor trail of a Navy Phantom interceptor. I ran up the channel, under the bridge, using all the cheap tricks I thought I could get away with, short-cutting flats when I thought I had enough water, looking back to see if I made a mud trail, running the banks to get around basins because the coral heads wouldn't grow along a bank, running tight to the keys in a foot and a half of water when I was trying to beat the wind and finally shutting down on some bank or flat or along some tidal pass not unlike the one I just ran from. It was still as hot as it could be, and I still could not see. The sweat was running onto my Polaroids, and I was hungry and thinking I'd call it a day. When I got home I rather abashedly noted that I had burned 56 worth of fuel and hadn't made a cent.

The engine hadn't been running right for a week, and I was afraid of getting stranded or having to sleep out on some buggy flat or, worse, being swept to Galveston on an offshore wind. I tore the engine down and found the main bearing seal shot and in need of replacement. I drove to Big Pine to get parts and arrived about the time the guides, who center there, were coming in for the day. I walked to the dock, where the big skiffs with their excessive engines were nosed to the breakwater. Guides mopped decks and needed each other. Customers, hap-

py and not, debarked with armloads of tackle, sun hats, oil, thermoses and picnic baskets. A few of these sporty dogs were plastered. One fragile lady, ovalish with sunburn, tottered from the cutting deck of a guide's skiff and drew herself up on the dock. "Do you know what the whole trouble was?" she dramatically inquired of her companion, perhaps her husband, a man very much younger than herself.

"No, what?" he said. She smiled and grinned him.

"Well, that about it." The two put their belongings into the trunk of some kind of minicar and drove off too fast down the Overseas Highway. Four hours would put them in Miami.

It seemed to have been a good day. A number of men went up the dock with fish to be mounted. One man went by with a bonefish that might have gone 10 pounds. Woody Sexton was on the dock. I wanted to ask how he had done but knew that ground rules forbade the asking of this question around the boats. It embarrasses guides who have had bad days, on the one hand, and on the other it risks passing good fishing information promiscuously. Meanwhile, as we talked, the mopping and needling continued along the dock. The larger hostilities are reserved for the fishing grounds themselves, where various complex snubbings may be performed from the semianonymity of the powerful skiffs. The air can be electric with accounts of who cut off whom, who ran the bank on whom, and so on. The antagonism among the skiff guides, the offshore guides, the pompano fishermen, the crawfishermen, the shrimpers, produces tales of shootings, of disputes settled with gaffs, of barbed wire strung in gars and channels to wreck props and drive shafts. Some of the tales are true. Woody and I made a plan to fish when he got a day off. I found my engine parts and went home.

One day I went out and staked the boat during the middle-incoming water of another set of new moon tides. I caught one bonefish early in the tide, a lively fish that went 100 yards on his first run and doggedly revised me for a length

of time that was all out of proportion to his weight. I released him after giving him a short revival session and then just sat and looked at the water. I could see Woody fishing with a customer, working the outside of the bank for tarpon.

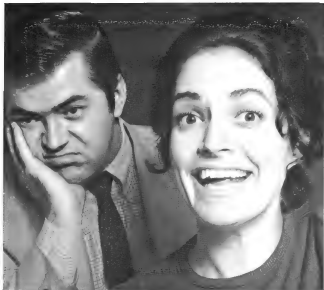
It was a queer day to begin with. The vital light flashed on and off around the scudding clouds, and there were slight fear lines on the water from the wind. The basin that shelved off from my bank was active with diving birds, particularly great brown pelicans whose wings sounded like luffing sails and who ate with submerged heads while blackheaded gulls tried to rob them. The birds were drawn to the basin by a school of mullet that was making an immense mud slick hundreds of yards across. In the sun the slick glistened a quarter of a mile to the south of me. I didn't pay it much attention until it began by collective will or chemical sensors to move onto my bank. Inevitably, the huge disturbance progressed and flowed toward me. In the thinner water the mullet school was compressed, and the individual fish became easier targets for predators. Big oceanic barracuda were with them and began slashing and smacking through the school like belts of lightning. Simultaneously, silver sheets of mullet, sometimes an acre in extent, burst out of the water and rained down again. In time my skiff was in the middle of it.

Some moments later not far astern of me, perhaps 70 feet, a large blacktip shark swam up onto the bank and began moving with grace sweeps of its tail through the fish, not as yet making a move for them. Mullet and smaller fish nevertheless showered out in front of the shark as it coursed through. Behind the shark I could see another fish flashing unclearly. I supposed it was a jack crevalle, a pelagic fish, strong for its size, that often follows sharks. I decided to cast. The distance was all I could manage. I got off one of my better shots, which nevertheless fell slightly behind target. I was surprised to see the fish drop back to the fly, turn and elevate high in the water, then take. It was a permit.

*continued*



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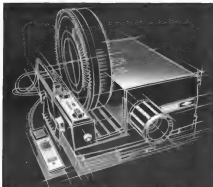
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## Longest Silence continued

I set the hook sharply, and the fish started down the flat. Remembering my last episode, I kept the loose, racing line well away from the reel handle for the instant the fish took to consume it. Then the fish was on the reel. I lowered the rod up and cinched the hook, and the fish began to accelerate, staying on top of the flat so that I could see its wildly extending wake. Everything was holding together: the hookups were good, the lines were good. At 150 yards the fish stopped, and I got back line. I kept at it and got the fish within 80 yards of the boat. Then suddenly it made a wild, undirected run, not permitlike at all, and I could see that the blacktip shark was chasing it. The blacktip struck and missed the permit three or four times, making explosions in the water that sickened me. I released the drag, unreeled the boat and started the engine. Woody was poing toward me at the sound of my engine. His crystallized client dragged a line across.

There was hardly enough water to move it. The prop was half buried, and at full throttle I could not get up on plane. The explosions continued, and I could only guess whether or not I was still connected to the fish. I ran toward the fish, a vast loop of line trailing, saw the shark once and ran over him. I threw the engine into neutral and waited to see what had happened and tried to regain line. Once more I was tight to the permit. Then the shark reappeared. He hit the permit once, killed it and ate the fish, worrying it like a dog and Moodying the muddy water.

Then an instant later I had the shark on my line and running. I fought him with irrational care: I now planned to gaff the blacktip and retrieve my permit piece by piece. When the inevitable cut-off came I dropped the rod in the boat and, empty-handed, wondered what I had done to deserve this.

I heard Woody's skiff and looked around. He swung about and coasted alongside. I told him it was a permit, as he had guessed from my staring up on the flat. Woody started to say something when, at that not unceremonious moment, his client broke in to say that it was hook-

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## Longest Silence *continued*

ing them that was the real thing. We stared at him as if he were a simple, unutterable bug, until he added, "Or is it?"

Often afterward we went over the affair and talked about what might have been done differently, as we had with the first permit. One friend carries a carbine on clips around the gamelake to take care of sharks. But I felt that with a gun in the skiff during the excitement of a running fish, I would plug myself or deep-six the boat. Woody knew better than to assume me there would be other chances. Knowing that there might very well not be was one of our conversational assumptions.

One morning we went to look for tinog. Woody had had a bad night of it. He had awakened in the darkness of his room about 3 in the morning and watched the shadowy figure of a huge land crab walk across his chest. Endlessly it crept to the wall and then up it. Carefully silhouetting the monster, Woody blazed it with a karate chop. At breakfast he was nursing a bruise on the side of his head.

We laid out the rods in the skiff. The wind was coming out of the east, that is, over one's casting hand from the point we planned to fish, and it was blowing fairly stiff. But the light was good, and that was more important. We headed out of Big Pine, getting into the calm water along Rarred Key. We ran in behind Pye Key, through the hole behind Little Money and out to Southeast Point. The sun was already huge, out of hand, like Shakespeare's "glistering phœton." I had whitened my nose and mouth with zinc oxide and felt, handling the mysterious rods and flies, like the tropical edition of your standard shaman. I still had to rig the leader of my own rod; and as Woody jockeyed the skiff with the pole, I put my leader together. I remained enough of my trout-fishing sensibilities to continue to be intrigued by tarpon leaders with their army of arcane knots: the butt of the leader is nail knotted to the line, blood knotted to monofilament of lighter test; the shock tipper that protects the leader from the rough jaws of tarpon is tied to the lead-

*continued*

James Earl Ray, known as "The Cat" and "The Rat," was a member of the Black Panther Party and was involved in the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in 1968. He was later convicted of the crime and sentenced to death.



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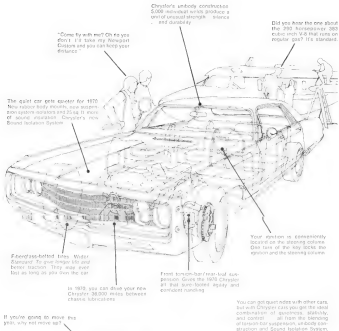


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Cellarmaster

## Longest Silence *Continued*

er with a combination Albright Special and Minni Band; the shock tippet is attached to the fly either by a perfection loop, a clinch or a Homer Rhodes Loop; and to choose one is to make a moral choice. You are made to understand that it would not be impossible to fight about it or, at the very least, quibble darkly.

We set up on a tarpon-pass point. We had sand spurs around us that would help us pick out the dark shapes of traveling tarpon. And we expected tarpon on the falling water, from left to right. I got up on the bow with 50 feet of line coiled on the deck. I was barefoot so I could feel if I stepped on a loop. I made a couple of practice casts—hamb, in-dororous, tarpon-style, the opposite of the otherwise appealing dry-fly cast—and scared for fish.

The first we saw went, from my point of view, spotted from too great a distance. That is, there was a long period of time before they actually broke the circle of my casting range, during which time I could go, quite secretly but completely, to plan. The sensation for me, in the face of these advancing forms, was as of a gradual coagulation of the joints. Movieggers will recall the early appearances of Frankenstein's monster, his ambulatory motions accompanied by great rigidity of the limbs, almost as though he could stand a good gelling. I was hard put to see how I would manage anything beyond a perfunctory flapping of the rod. I once laughed at Woody's stories of customers who sat down and held their feet slightly aloft, tredding the air or wobbling their hands from the wrists. I gibbered at the story of a Boston chiropractor who fell over on his back and barked like a seal.

"Let them come in now," Woody said.

"I want to nail one of these dudes, Woody."

"You will. Let them come."

The fish, six of them, were surging toward us in a wedge. They ran from 80 to 100 yards. "All right, the lead fish, get on him," Woody said. I managed the throw. The fly fell on a line with the fish. I let them overtake before starting my retrieve. The lead fish, big, pulled

up behind the fly, tailed and then made the shoveling, open-jawed uplift of a strike that is not forgotten. When he turned down I set the hook, and he started his run. The critical stage, that of getting rid of loose line piled around one's feet, ensued. You imagine that if you are standing on a coil, you will go to the moon when that coil must follow in pedescension out of the rod. This one went off without a hitch, and it was only my certainty that someone had done it before that kept me from deciding that we had made a big mistake.

The sudden pressure of the line and the direction of its resistance apparently confused the tarpon, and it rised in loose-coupled arcs around the boat. Then, when it had seen the boat, felt the line and isolated a single point of resistance, it cleared out at a perfectly insane rate of acceleration that made water run three feet up my line as it sliced the water. The jumps—wild, greyhounding, end-over-end, rattling—were all crazily blurred as they happened, while I imagined my reel exploding like a racing church and filling me with shrapnel.

This fish, the first of six, that day, broke off. So did the others, destroying various aspects of my tackle. Of the performance, it is not simple to generalize. The closest thing to a tarpon in the material world is the Steinway piano. The tarpon, of course, is a game fish that runs to extreme sizes, while the Steinway piano is merely an enormous musical instrument, largely wooden and manipulated by a series of keys. However, the tarpon when hooked and running reminds the angle of a piano sliding down a precipitous incline and while jumping makes cavities and explosions in the water not unlike a series of pianos falling from a great height. If the reader, then, can speculate in terms of pianos that herd and pursue method and are themselves shaped like exaggerated herrings, he will be a very long way toward seeing what kind of thing a tarpon is. Those who appreciate nature as we find her may rest in the knowledge that no amount of modification can substitute the man-made

*continued*

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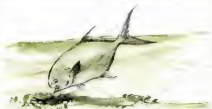
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## Longest Silence *continued*

plains for the real thing—the tarpon. Where was I?

As the sun moved through the day the bird side continually changed, forcing us to adjust position until, by afternoon, we were watching to the north. Somehow, looking up light, Woody saw four permit coming right in toward us, head on. I cast my tarpon fly at them, out of my accustomed long-shot routine, and was surprised when one fish moved forward of the pack and followed up the fly rather aggressively. About then

tight to the reel I cinched him once, and he began running. The deep water kept the fish from making the long, sustained sprints permit make on the flats. This fight was a series of assured jobs at various clean angles from the skiff. We followed, alternately gaining and losing line. Then, in some way, at the end of this blurred episode, the permit was flashing beside the boat, looking nearly circular, and the only visual contradiction to his perfect pose was the intersecting line of leader seemingly inscribed



they all sensed the skiff and swerved to cross the bow about 30 feet out. They were down close to the bottom now, slightly spooked. I picked up, changed direction and cast a fairly long interception. When the fly lit, well out ahead, two fish elevated from the group, sprinted forward and the inside fish took the fly in plain view.

The certainty, the positiveness of the take in the face of an anguished number of refusals and the long, unproductive time put in, produced immediate tension and pessimism. I waited for something to go haywire.

I hooked the fish quickly and threw slack. It was only slightly startled and returned to the pack, which by this time had veered away from the shallow flat edge and swung back toward deep water. The critical time of loose line passed slowly. Woody unstaked the skiff and was poised to see which way the run would take us. When the permit was

from the tip of my arcing rod to the precise corner of his jaw.

Then we learned that there was no net in the boat. The fish would have to be tailed. I forgave Woody in advance for the permit's escape. Woody was kneeling in the skiff, my line disappearing over his shoulder, the permit no longer in my sight, Woody leaning deep from the gunwale. Then, unbelievably, his arm was up, the black symmetry of tail above his flat, the permit perpendicular to the earth, then horizontal on the floorboards. A pile of loose fly line was strewn in curves that wandered around the bottom of the boat to a gray-and-orange fly that was secured in the permit's mouth. I sat down numb and soaring.

I don't know what this kind of thing indicates beyond the necessary, ecstatic resignation to the moment. With the beginning over and, possibly, nothing learned, I was persuaded that once was not enough.

END





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thinks ski clothes  
should be made to ski in.  
So does Sears.**





Bottom's up.



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## CITY SLUMP

Sir:

I have just finished reading the article concerning Jerry Lucas and the San Francisco Warriors (*Power Game In The City*, Nov. 17). He is one of the underrated players of the basketball world today, but more that he is on a decent team with some other great players, the Warriors should be able to take the Western Division with no effort. If they don't take the division, there must be something wrong.

Wilcox, Conn.

ROBERT J. TRACY

• Something is wrong. Lucas broke two bones in his hand last Saturday and will be out for six weeks. —ED.

Sir:

I picked up my Nov. 17 copy of *SI* and there at the top of the cover blaring up at me was SAN FRANCISCO CHIEFS IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP. I did a double take and then, my mind reeling, I began weighing the possibilities as to just what *SI* had found in San Francisco of championship caliber that in these many years had escaped my notice. Certainly not the 49ers, those muscled, octocephalic graceful losers, or the Giants, names-up even more times than Thomas E. Dewey.

So, what did I find but an article about the basketball Warriors. The Warriors? San Francisco will become the skyscraper of the U.S. before The City welcomes a championship.

JAMES H. GREENGARD

San Francisco

Sir:

I am writing as a representative of the thousands of utterly frustrated fans of the San Francisco 49ers, a team that has been in business for 24 years without winning so much as a single division or conference title. During that period everything about the team has changed except for two things—its losing streak and its ownership. It seems to me that since owners of professional sports franchises are exempted from the antitrust laws that apply to other businesses, those owners ought to be obligated to produce a winner for their supporters—or else! The or else being the forced sale of the franchise. The fans would thus be given renewed hope that the new owners could turn the trick. Why not attach a proviso to every franchise award that says if the owners don't produce at least a divisional title within a given number of years (24 is too many), the franchise must be sold?

BILL CLARK

San Francisco

## SOBIEV

Sir:

Dan Jenkins wasn't just whistling *Bole* when he stated that Arkansas is playing a one-game season (*Arkansas Gets Set for Its One-Game Season*, Nov. 17). Is there any better way to describe a schedule of one games and the University of Texas? Going into the weekend of Nov. 15, Arkansas opponents had the lowest winning percentage (.208) of any of the opponents of all of the other Top Ten teams. If Arkansas had trouble beating the likes of Rice, TCU, and Baylor, how would it fare against major college teams? Instead of getting ready to rant that this is "the school's best team ever," Frank Broyles should just thank his lucky stars that his team only gets tested once a year. And if the good Lord's angels and the media don't see, the Razorbacks may not have to make a hotel appearance this year—playing two decent teams in a row would probably be too much for them.

DAVID C. WOOD

Columbia, Mo.

## SOUTHWESTERN CAMPAIGN

Sir:

Let me preface my remarks with the observation that, if the University of Texas were playing the University of Mexico in Red Square, I'd be there waving a hammer-and-sickle banner.

But, despite my terrible prejudice, I must ask how you can possibly overlook the great Texas quarterback, Janice Street, as a candidate for the Heisman Trophy (*Who Gets the Oscar?*, Nov. 30). Notice he won't in quarterback—just runner, punter, punter or ball handler. All he's known for is leading his team to victory, but, after all, isn't that what a truly great football player does? Here is a man who, as a sophomore, watched from the bench as an inferior quarterback presided over a 6-4-0 season. Then last year, with a 1-1-1 record, Coach Royal installed Street at quarterback. There followed eight victories culminating in the Tennessee romp (not walk) in the Cotton Bowl.

So far in '69 under the guidance of Street, Texas is 8-0-0, having demolished Queens and Oklahoma for the second year in a row. Gentlemen, here is the candidate for the Heisman Trophy.

DAVID W. SMITH

College Station, Texas

Sir:

Charley Callahan, former Notre Dame publicity man, was mistaken when he told Dan Jenkins that Oklahoma swished its 1959 Heisman publicity support in endorsement from Center Jerry Tubbs to Halfback Tommy McDonald. Our stress was

on McDonald all the way, because he was a back. We pointed Tubbs toward another player-of-the-year handle that ranked with the Heisman: the college football coaches' Walter Camp trophy sponsored by *Collier's* magazine. Tubbs won the Walter Camp, defeating all the backs in the land, McDonald, hurt by Tubbs, lost the Heisman to Paul Hornung, but won the Maxwell and Sporting News awards.

It was two years earlier that Oklahoma tried to back the Heisman odds against its senior lineman by supporting Center Kurt Harris, who was having a fantastic season. The heroes of this effort were Dr. Raymond White and his OU vocational science department. They wrote letters to more than 3,000 sports men introducing Harris. What happened? Fullback Alan Ameche of Wisconsin won. Harris was second.

HAROLD KEITH  
Director Emeritus  
Sports Information

University of Oklahoma  
Norman, Okla.

## LEW'S STORY CONTS.

Sir:

In the first article by Lew Alcindor (*My Story*, Oct. 27) in any statement was made in the effect that The Hall School, Pottstown, Pa., had offered Alcindor admission at a full scholarship. Great athlete that he is, his memory is faulty.

An headmaster of the school at that time, I remember receiving from a mutual friend a newspaper account of Alcindor's athletic and scholastic success. Through that friend I got in touch with the boy to see if he was interested in making application. He did send for an application and a catalog, and we visited him for an interview.

Alcindor never visited The Hill. He was never admitted and he was never offered scholarship aid. He might well have qualified, and I don't doubt that our coach would have been able to find a place for him on the basketball team.

EDWARD T. HALL  
Headmaster

St. Mark's School  
Southborough, Mass.

Sir:

I never had the opportunity to know Lew Alcindor personally, but when I read the article in your magazine concerning his four years here at UCLA, I thought I'd find out something about him and his "struggle." In my opinion, he was a fool not to know when he had a good thing. Few people on this campus, black or white, have anything good to say about him. He was condescending which may or may not be justifiable. He

(continued)



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#### 19TH HOLE *continued*

was also stubborn, rude and perpetually complaining. Granted, he ran into much prejudice. But so would any man who conducted himself in such a manner, regardless of race or color.

He irritated many coaches and fellow team members as though they were completely incompetent. He got away with it, admittedly. He brought in money and fame—in short he was a great basketball player. But that is no excuse for his actions.

Undoubtedly there is racial prejudice here. It is everywhere. But there are certain black Brian athletes who regard UCLA as one of the most liberal schools, racially, in the nation. For example—one or two quarters ago the student body voted a \$1 increase in the registration fee. The resulting funds—more than \$36,000—will be used as scholarship money for underprivileged minority students with academic potential.

I am not against social protest. On the contrary, I feel that many attitudes in our society can and should be changed. And I admire Lew for his convictions and his willingness to speak out. But, on the other hand, I feel that some of his accusations concerning UCLA are unfounded. I say this as an involved student among many who disagree with his story but have no way of telling their own.

CAROL CHERRY

Los Angeles

Sirs:

It is easy for me to understand why Alcindor had a difficult time at college. With his attitude, any student, especially a 7' basketball star, would have had an equally hard time.

As for prejudice on the part of the students and coaching staff at UCLA, there are plenty of good Negro colleges that would have been more than happy to have given Alcindor a full scholarship. He will receive little sympathy from me or any other of his "good brothers" here at South Carolina State College.

IRAC WATKINSON

Orangeburg, S.C.

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the three-part story by Lew Alcindor and found it to be enlightening. He is an athlete with much on the ball, not only as an athlete but as a person. I feel that Lew Alcindor will not only leave his mark upon professional basketball but that he will also leave an enduring mark upon society as one of the great mediators in the racial crisis.

PETER NAPOLI

Charleston, S.C.

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